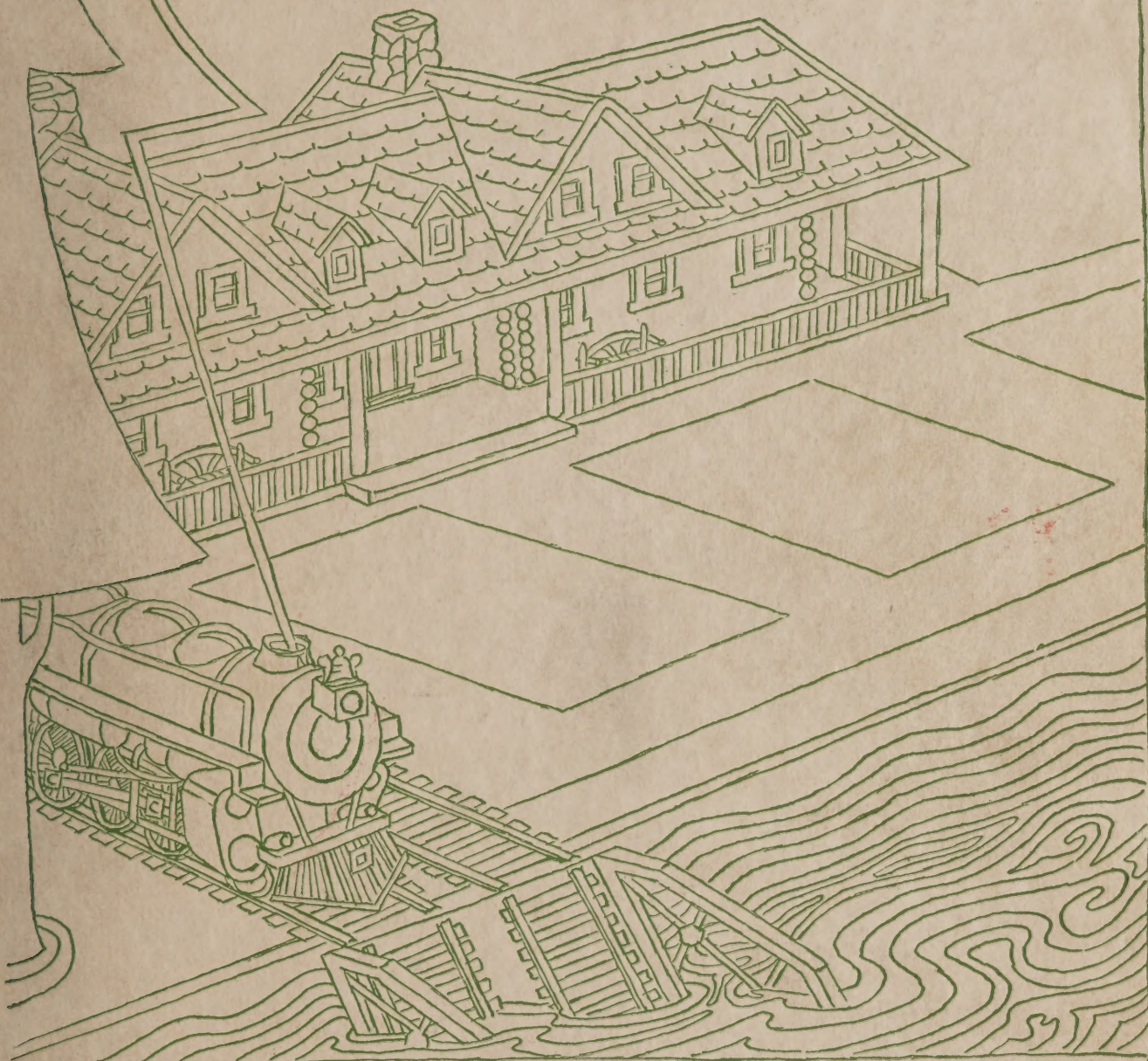


POINTER



JUNE '36

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Pasqualone*

THE POINTER

Quincy Point Junior High School

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No. 2

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EDITORIALS

OUR EDUCATIONAL LADDER

Our school life is compared to a ladder because our girls and boys may climb from the lower rungs of the primary grades through the elementary schools and junior high schools into the senior high schools, on into the colleges and universities, or on to the trade schools and technical schools.

In the elementary schools, we learned the fundamental facts; in the junior high schools we learn more facts and we are trained to think things through to logical conclusions. As we sample and try out courses, we are finding ourselves and we form the habit of thinking twice before speaking. We are taught to maintain an "attitude of suspended judgment" until all the evidence is in. We will be sure that the rung is sound before we take the next step ahead and up the ladder.

"The ladder of education is full of thorns. They prick the hardest when we are slipping down." We will slip less often and our footing will be more secure if we have right attitudes. The more facts we can acquire—the more intelligently we can decide, the more our choices will be right ones.

Girls and boys should read and listen carefully; think things through; decide confidently, unhesitatingly, openly and fearlessly. You will usually be right if you follow this plan and will have renewed courage to go on climbing. The ladder will always be there for you to climb as long as you keep the doors of opportunity open.

Henry T. Prario, Principal.

A PARTING WORD

As graduation draws near, how many of us realize what three years in Quincy Point Junior High have done for us? Our principal and teachers have coöperated to the fullest extent in preparing us in the funda-



THE POINTER STAFF

mentals which we are to use in furthering our education. Has your time been wasted or have you profited by the wise advice given by the advisors?

Between the ages of eleven and sixteen, our foundations — both mental and physical — are laid. Most of this period has been spent in Q. P. J. H., where each student has been given every opportunity to progress.

A few of us, when the "going gets tough," will consider lagging behind; but the training that we have received in our three years at this school will enable most of us, if not all, to reach the highest position in whatever vocation we choose.

Nicholas Pepe, Class President.

COMMENTS OF A NINTH GRADER

Fellow Ninth-Graders, we are nearing the end of another year of travel through the grades.

As one looks back over a whole year's work, he wonders why it is called only a grade. It is a whole mountain range and we are pioneers travelling to the westward, crossing range after range.

Draw up to the campfire, fellow-mountaineers, and listen to a comrade's reflections.

Together we have scaled the dizzy heights of music. We have floundered in the quicksands of Latin, untangled thorny branches of English, marvelled at the wonders of nature, and the laws of science. The trail through Algebra was smooth but the problems were often rocky. Together we have been lost in the maze of Civics and shivered in the drenchings of Gym.

We have learned that the steep range must be climbed, step by stumble, and hop by step. There is no easy way. "Putting off 'till tomorrow" leaves the traveller dangerously behind his pals, and oh, what a scramble to catch up when the high ridge of a test looms ahead. To put off learning an assignment in Latin or to delay solving problems in Algebra or Mathematics is like sleeping in camp all day and making no progress.

Pile more fuel on the campfire and let us be cheerful, another day will soon be dawning. The prospect to the westward is beautiful. Before us lies the Vale of Vacation, a beautiful, flowered valley where the weary traveller may relax his mind and refresh his

drooping spirits. Part of the warm summer we hope to spend lazing around. Rest ye well, my comrades, for before the Autumn leaves begin to fall we will again be summoned into camp to march up the next range which will be HIGH.

Audrey Ash, Editor-in-Chief.

SUCCESS

One of the greatest factors in school life is success. If a pupil strives to do his work to the best of his ability, he will succeed. He should be coöperative with his schoolmates, being alert and active, always ready to meet difficulties. Success is not gained by cheating when the teacher's back is turned; but rather by attending strictly to business, proving that one is dependable, capable of assuming responsibility. Strive to do a maximum amount of work and you will be sure to succeed.

Joseph Goodman, Editor-in-Chief

OPERETTAS

The operetta is an abbreviated form of opera containing words and music. It had its beginning in France between 1760 and 1813. André Ernest Modeste Gretry was its author. The important difference between opera and operetta is the scenery. Very few changes in scenery have to be made in operettas and no spectacular scenes are necessary. From the first type of operetta came the more conservative type of musical comedy and later still the type of comedy we now have.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and his friend Sir William Gilbert were the co-authors of many popular and present day operettas, among them being "The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," and "H. M. S. Pinafore." From this type of operetta we come to present day musical comedy. More and more scenery has been used in the production of operettas until now the scenery is quite elaborate, but it still does not need many changes.

The operetta presented in the Quincy Point Junior High School this year was entitled "And It Rained." It was presented through the combined efforts of the Glee Club and Orchestra assisted by many teachers. This operetta was written by Estelle Merrymon Clark and Adele Bohling Lee.

Helen Gallagher, 9-7.



NEWSETTES



SCHOOL ELECTION

The rally preceding our school election took place in the auditorium on September twenty-seventh. The following day the election took place during the homeroom period.

The results were as follows:

President—John Myatt, 9-7.
 Second Floor Councilor—Jeanne Mitchell, 9-8.
 First Floor Councilor—Archie Brown, 9-1.
 Anna DiNardo, 9-2.

HOME ROOM ORGANIZATION

The President and Student Council Representatives for the year 1935-1936 are as follows:

President	Representative
9-1 Archibald Brown	Harry Forchia
9-2 Henry Chimenello	George Comi
9-3 John Kilrain	Jean McKim
9-4 Antonio Mollicer	Mario Ricci
9-5 Zahia Ameen	Annie Dan
9-6 Joseph Naida	Albert Cobb
9-7 Robert Brigham	Edmund Coyer
9-8 John McLean	Nicholas Pepe
8-1 Walter Latham	Warren Jones
8-2 Thomas Caddy	Donald Ash
8-3 Paul Grant	Ennio Di Gravio
8-4 Doris Preston	Richard Boyles
8-5 Louis Malone	Raymond Pecce
8-6 Walter Salamone	Mary Salamone
7-1 Bernard Raneri	Mabel Hajjar
7-2 Michael Ameen	Adolf Blanchard
7-3 Barbara Dunn	John McDowe
7-4 George Hodgkinson	John Glynn
7-5 Michael Saraceno	Samuel DiSalevio
7-6 Barbara Nord	James Milne
7-7 William Tarr	Thera Thonberg

MISCHA TULIN

On the morning of October 1, 1935 we had the pleasure of having the distinguished Mischa Tulin with us. He showed us the controlled thermin and how he played it. He then showed us the Electro Cello and played us a few songs.

Mischa Tulin was born in Russia. His talents were recognized at an early age and were developed by intensive training at the Imperial Conservatory of Music in Petrograd. He later won first prize from the musical society of America in 1924.

I think the members of Quincy Point Junior High School will never forget the demonstrations given by Mischa Tulin.

Pearl Paris, 9-8.

THE JOHN ADAMS ASSEMBLY

On Friday, October 18, 1935, the Stagecraft Club gave an assembly in honor of John Adams who was born in Braintree, Massachusetts on October 30, 1735.

As a child he lived on a farm; later he attended Harvard College where he prepared to become a lawyer. He was a member of the first Continental Congress and also minister to Great Britain.

He was Vice-President under Washington and later became the second President of the United States, serving two terms.

There were several scenes from his life: his boyhood, his career as a lawyer, his helpfulness to George Washington, his signing of the Declaration of Independence, his trip to England, the signing of the peace treaty, his inauguration, and his death.

The Glee Club sang "Old Hundred," after which the assembly sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Daniel Webster School also entertained us with scenes from Adams' life. They had a colonial tea and danced the minuets.

Harriette Farrell, 9-2.

EDUCATION WEEK

Education Week was observed from November eleventh to November seventeenth. Parents were urged to attend school during this week in order to secure closer coöperation between home and the school.

On Thursday evening, November fourteenth, all teachers were in their rooms to interview the parents. A special program for the parents' entertainment was given at eight o'clock of the same evening. It was an excellent opportunity for the parents to become acquainted with the school and the teachers.

Anna DiNardo, 9-2.

ARMISTICE DAY

During Education Week, we had a distinguished speaker from the Quincy Post, No. 95. He was Mr. Charles MacDonald and he spoke on Armistice Day.

He gave some of the sad incidents that happened during the World War and also some of the humorous incidents that happened to him.

We had a program in which all of the holidays of the year were represented. John Myatt took the leading part as the Spirit of Armistice.

The program was brought to a close by the sounding of taps.

Harriette Farrell, 9-2.

BOOK WEEK ASSEMBLY

On November 21, 1935 our old friend Mr. Cronin came to entertain. Mr. Cronin, as most of us know, is a story teller. He suggested a great many books for us to read. He also dramatized some parts of the book, "A Boy's Life of Mark Twain" by Mark Twain. We are all looking forward to another hour of enjoyment when Mr. Cronin comes again next year.

Thelma Steir, 9-4.

MR. CRONAN

Mr. Cronan is associated with the Boston Public Library, and the Newton Free Library and also with schools throughout the state.

Mr. Cronan was an accountant for twenty-seven years. His wife was a story-teller and it was through her that he first became interested in narration. He told stories while an accountant, but since 1926 he has made story-telling his profession.

Thelma Steir, 9-4.

DR. BREWER EDDY

On Wednesday, December third, Dr. Brewer Eddy, a doctor who traveled through and wrote about Russia, gave a talk about the present condition of Russia. He showed us moving pictures of Russia as visitors see it. He showed us their costumes, clothing, and games. He proved to us that Russia isn't a country where everyone is starving.

Harriette Farrell, 9-2.

PREVENTION OF AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

On January 14, 1936, we were fortunate in seeing a series of pictures on the prevention of automobile accidents. Before the

pictures were presented, we enjoyed a very interesting and amusing talk by Mr. Carl Goodwin.

The purpose of the pictures was to teach us, the future citizens of the country, to be careful while driving. The first picture showed Mother Goose scenes which were very comical. The second picture was on the "Highway Safety Campaign." The third picture on "Saving Seconds," was presented by the Aetna Casualty Insurance Company and the American Association of Motor Vehicles Administrators. The picture which impressed us most was the picture "Remember Jimmy," which was presented by the Firemen's Fund.

These pictures were all excellent. They showed us that saving seconds isn't as important as saving lives.

Anna DiNardo, 9-2.

OPERETTA

The production which was selected to be presented this year was called "And It Rained." Under the direction of Mrs. Berthold, Miss Russell, and Mr. Evans, it proved a great success.

CHARACTERS

In the order of their appearance

Mr. Wise.....	Nicholas Pepe
Mlle. Marie Caray.....	Marion Norling
Dennis Black.....	John McLean
Maizie Black.....	Jean Thompson
Mrs. Wise.....	Dorothy Smith
Maibells Rich.....	Jeanne Mitchell
John Rich.....	John Myatt
Curly Rich.....	Charles Henderson
Steele Black.....	Joseph Goodman
Jack	John Lee
Fred	Fred Kittredge

Glee Club

Sopranos—Lillian Di Gravio, Emily Johnson, Evelyn Mastico, Phyllis Macomber, Gertrude Smith, Audrey Ash, Mary McClusky, Virginia Di Tocco, Yolanda Taddeo, Madeline George, Patricia Forsythe.

Altos—Jean Pinel, Helen Gallagher, Ray Feldman, Mary Pugliesi, Elena Marchese, Kathleen Downs, Myrtle Fitzgerald, Susan Scott, Dorothy Petzoldt, Thelma Steir, Annagret Hayessan, Jean Galbraith, Eleanor D'Angelo, Janet Hackett.

Tenors—Joseph Butts, Richard Sprague, Walter Latham, Peter Salvaggio, Joseph Cippola, Francis Quinn, Albert Robertson, Francis Veno.

Basses—Nicholas Montuori, Daniel Mullen, Vincent Cavallaro, Frank Evangelista, David Simpson, John Christianson.



THE OPERETTA CAST OF 1936

Dancers

Tap Dancers—Alice DePesa, Myrtle Foster, Bambina Di Sciuillo, Carolyn Foy, Margaret Joly, Ruth Johnson, Pauline Principe, Catherine McDonald, Rita Nardone, Dorothy Field, Phyllis Emerson, Hilda Tocchio, Theresa Antonelli, Elizabeth Elder, Lillian Golosov, Pauline Elder, Catherine Creed.

Boys' Drill—Walter Downs, John Di Bella, Fred Parker, Luigi Perciballi, David Jack, Paul Grant, Allen Corcoran, George Mitchell, Frank Hall, Thomas Hill, William Boyd, Dante Moscone, John Carlino, Domenic De Stefanis, Theodore De Christofer, Philip Ladopoulos.

Slave Dance—Alice Field.

Victory Dancers—Gloria Morgan, Elaine Shaw, Margaret Kay, Leida Chamberlain, Catherine Quinn, Laverna Arsenault.

Ballet—Gertrude Packard, Doris Johnson, Helen Paige, Rachel Bartholomew, Mary Caporale, Yolanda Taddeo, Esther Saskas, Anne Moscone, Virginia DiAntonio, Lena Cavalieri.

Indian Dancers—Violet Hillier, Anna De Nardo, Hilda Brandes, Julia Angelini, Lillian Di Tocco, Domenica Mula, Mary St. John, Rita Doyle, Lorraine Swimm.

Indian Children—Anthony Mannai, Ralph Pepile, Rudolph Pompeo, Michael Cocio, Daniel Cunningham, Silvio Mastrianni, Vincent Di Tullio, Joseph LaMantia.

Eccentric Dance—Pryor Hall, Francis Veno, Myer Simmons, Joseph Saudanato, Henry Davies.

Irish Dancers—Viola Angelini, Juliet DiTullio, Eleanor Lomano, Anita Di Gravio, Yolanda Di Nardo, Ida DiTullio, Margaret Conway, Mary Costello, Lucille Morton, Eva Pettinelli, Carmelia Carosi, Mabel DiTullio, Mary Margiotti, Isabel Thiboutot.

Acknowledgments

Scenery: Armando Luciani, Frank Tocchio, Antonio Mollica, Richard Watts, Dante Pasqualone.

Dances arranged by Miss Mullarkey.

W. P. A. ORCHESTRA

On March 3, 1936, we all enjoyed a program given by the W. P. A. Orchestra with Mabel DeWolf as leader. Some of the selections played were "The Blue Danube," "Habanera from Carmen," and "Sailing." Miss Ruth Osborne told a very interesting story entitled "Three Trees." Vincent Del Galo sang "Home on the Range." We enjoyed it a great deal and look forward to hearing the same group again.

Anna DiNardo, 9-2.

MR. ROBERT SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan visited our school April 2, 1936. He gave us a short history of bread. Mr. Sullivan told us how it was made and

of its progress the last century. He told us of experiments that were being tried by which we would have our bread sliced even before it went into the ovens.

Harriette Farrell, 9-2.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

A surprise assembly program presented here at Quiney Point Junior High, proved to be one of the outstanding events of the school year. The speaker of the occasion was Mr. Charles Watkins, noted radio commentator.

Mr. Watkins emphasized the necessity of planning for our future careers. He repeatedly asked the question "What can you do?"

Mr. Watkin's question left a deep impression on the minds of the pupils.

He told the audience that it is wise to learn to obey orders without asking too many questions.

Referring to his former occupation with the General Motors Company, Mr. Watkins said, "If my boss told me to go out and get three white elephants with pink tusks, I would be able to ask only one question. That question would be, 'Where shall I put the elephants?'"

Lorraine Swimm, 7-1.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF JUNIOR CITIZENSHIP

Mr. Watkins, former Personnel Director of General Motors, spoke on "The Responsibilities of Junior Citizenship."

After hearing the address different members of the ninth grade were asked to express their opinions of the lecture.

Nicholas Pepe said, "I think that Mr. Watkins' speech was very good. It wasn't the ordinary kind of an address. It was very interesting and instructive to school children."

Archie Brown, "I could have listened to Mr. Watkins all day."

John McLean, "It was very novel, I think it did a lot for the morale of the school."

Jeanne Mitchell, "He made his talk very understandable because he talked in simple language."

Mary Provan, "It was put over in a forceful manner by the concrete examples he used."

Anna DiNardo, "Mr. Watkins spoke to us as men and women and not as mere school children."

Jean Pinel, "It was very interesting and it gave excellent illustrations of how to achieve success by dint of hard work."

Vincent Cavallero, "The lecture was extremely interesting. I could have listened to it for hours."

Charles Blanchette, "I think that the speech helped the students and gave them a better understanding of life."

Antonio Mollica, "I enjoyed it as much as every other student, and that was plenty."

Anna DiNardo, 9-2.

DANCING CLASSES

On Tuesday, April twenty-eighth, dancing classes started for the ninth grade. The classes were held in the gym and the orchestra selected was "Russell's Rhythm Ramblers." The classes were held in preparation for the ninth grade reception. The admission price of five cents paid for the orchestra.

Anna DiNardo, 9-2.

SPELLING BEE

The "Boston Herald" held a spelling bee contest for all high schools and ninth grade pupils in the Boston Area. The purpose was to discover the best speller in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades. In our own school the following were the division winners:

9-1	John Demnantiss	9-5	Eva Audette
9-2	Yvonne Farrell	9-6	Patsy Chella
9-3	Joseph Holland	9-7	Thomas Fitzgerald
9-4	Susan Scott	9-8	Jeanne Mitchell

Each winner received a bronze medal. The champion of the school, Jeanne Mitchell of 9-8, also received a silver medal. Joseph Holland was the grade runner-up.

Viola Angelini, 9-2.

NATIONAL CONVENTION

The National Convention was held in the Quincy Point Junior High School on June 4, 1936 at 1.35 P. M., under the direction of Miss Russell. The whole school took part, and all pupils wore badges.

Songs were written by pupils and everyone sang heartily. The assembly was given so that we would understand more clearly the National Conventions of the Republican and Democratic Parties.

Viola Angelini, 9-2.

FACULTY NOTES

A new teacher in Quincy Point Junior High this year is Mrs. Forsythe, who came to us from the Adams school to take the place of Miss Coughlin who left during the year to be married.

Miss Kirby also left us for the Altar, and Miss Silverman took her place.

Everyone perhaps knows that the girls' gym instructor, Miss DiPanfilo, has taught her last year here. She too is to be married.

The boys' gym instructor, Mr. Call, was married during the school year; but, of course, we shall not lose him.

Annegret Hayessen, 8-3.



THE JUNIOR GIRLS' CLUB



CLASS OF 9 - 3

L I T E R A R Y

RESCUE BY RADIO

"The bridge is out," the cry ran through the Wise Hotel.

Mr. W. W. Holman instantly thought of his business and how the delay was sure to cause a loss of money.

Dr. Fitzgerald's thoughts leaped to his laboratory where he was working on a cure for malaria. So through the minds of the various people, ran different things. But Bill Davis only shrugged his shoulders. He was on a vacation and this hotel was just as good as any other. Bill began to tinker with his short wave radio, but soon he went to sleep.

The next morning Bill was told that the outside world could not be reached and they would be at the hotel until it was discovered that the bridge was down. This news startled Bill; he didn't want to spend all his time here at the Wise Hotel. He went to his room and sat down to figure out a solution to the problem.

Suddenly an idea came to him. "By gosh, the radio! I'll do it."

Bill began his work on the radio and for four hours he labored without result. Then he contacted Charleston and told them the predicament. He was told the rescue party would leave immediately.

That afternoon when he told the good news to the people staying at the hotel, they were astounded. Dr. Fitzgerald told Bill that if he cared to do so, he could come to his laboratory to work on a new short wave radio.

When Bill arrived home, he was greeted by his family who at once consented to let him continue his work.

William Cohen, 8-1.

THE TWINS RECITE

Bill White dashed into the den waving a letter over his head. "Dad is bringing Professor Black home with him next Thursday from the University," he said excitedly as he tossed the letter to his twin brother, Tom. "The Professor is going to hold an oral examination for all the English classes in the school. We are all to gather in the Assembly Hall next Friday."

"Horrors!" groaned Tom, "Bill, what am I going to do? We will both have to be there at the same time. The students all know that you have taken my place in English class for the last two years. What an exhibition I'll make for them, for I'll be able to answer very few questions. What a disgrace I'll be to father. I wish there were some way out of it."

"Well, I can't help you this time. Read the letter," retorted Bill.

As Tom was reading the letter, he heard a voice near the den door. "Tom White, you may classify the words in the sentence I have on the blackboard." Tom jumped up from his chair and rushed to the door but he could see no one.

"Did you hear anything, Bill?" he asked as he returned to his chair.

"Why, no, Tom. What is the matter?" was the reply.

"I thought I heard the Professor speak; but never mind, I am imagining things, I guess." He continued reading the letter. "What is this? Dad is going to give a bicycle to the one that answers the most English questions correctly." Tom scrambled up, suddenly fired with ambition. "I'll get that bicycle, I'll learn all my English and never cheat again," he said as he ran from the room.

Tom worked feverishly day and night for a week. Many of the children in his division helped him in every way they could. They remembered the many times in the past when he had assisted them in preparing for mathematics tests.

The great day arrived. The air in the Assembly Hall was electrical.

Among the first to answer all the questions successfully was Bill. Tom saw the proud look on his father's face and inwardly groaned. When he was so nervous he could sit still no longer, the Professor called, "Tom White." Tom stood up. His heart was pounding in his mouth, his head whirling, and he had to clutch the seat in front of him to keep steady on his feet. The Professor was firing questions at him. How they were answered was a mystery to him. It was like a nightmare. Every eye was upon him. He

could see the admiring looks of his classmates and the pleased looks of his teachers, his father, and the Professor. It was over at last.

That night the twins' father said that he was so proud of both of them that each should have a bicycle.

When the twins were preparing for bed, Tom said to Bill, "There was something mysterious about my recitation today. I heard the answers but I know I wasn't talking."

"Is that so," came a voice from the hall, and then light dawned on the bewildered Tom.

"Gee, Bill, I forgot that you were an able ventriloquist. So you did the answering after all!"

Two sheepish boys asked their father's forgiveness the next day for the deception they had been practicing. They had truly learned a lesson not in the curriculum.

Audrey Ash, 9-7.

OH MY AUNT!

As Charles Hull viewed himself in his mirror he frowned. Here he was still in his room at Harvard when he should be meeting his Aunt Margaret at the station. As he put the finishing touches to his person, he reviewed what he had heard of her. Although being well past the sixties, she was still very gay. Her sister was just the opposite, a stern spinster. Charles was glad that his Aunt Margaret was coming instead of her.

"Boy! I had better hurry," mumbled Charles to himself. As he went on his way to the station, a telegraph boy went to his quarters, but he was too late to see Charles.

The train rumbled into the station with loud puffs and clangs.

"I wonder what my kinswoman will look like," thought Charles. He had not seen her since he was seven. He got out her telegram and grinned as he read: Dear Charles—Coming to Boston on short notice stop Expect you to show me all the sights stop

Aunt Margaret.

The train came to a halt and people poured off.

"Young man, is your name Hull?"

Charles whirled around and there stood his nightmare of an old maid. "Ugh," he

choked and bit his tongue, "You are my aunt?"

"Yes, young man, I am. You received my telegram, I perceive?"

He wondered why she didn't choke in that high collar she wore. "Well, I might as well get this over with," he thought. "Come on, Auntie, I'll show you the sights."

"Well, I thought you'd take me —"

"Never mind, Auntie, I know all the places that you should see. First we'll go to the dancing club. I know your passion for these modern dances."

Into theatres, dance halls, and nightclubs they went. Charles always with one thought in back of his mind, and that was to get it over with as quickly as possible. As they were doing a tango in a restaurant, Charles' aunt tried to protest; but he whirled her off to the Argentine rhythm. With her hat on one side, she was trying hard to keep her dignity, but she thought it best to finish the dance. After all there was something in the music that captivated one. Thus, her nephew had a heavy burden on his shoulder.

It was twelve o'clock, midnight. Mr. Charles Hull, who by this time should have been back in his room, was coming out of Moore's Night Club. With him came his dear old Aunt.

"Well, now I shall drop you at your hotel, Auntie. You do have a hotel, don't you?"

"Of course; I'm staying at the Hotel Statler."

A cruising taxi came to a halt as Charles waved his arms wildly at it. Into it he put his exhausted Aunt, promising to see her to the station the next morning.

"Perhaps I can get in that window, if I stand on a box," mused Charles as he looked dubiously up at his room window. After trying a few amateur acrobatic stunts he fell through it and landed disheveled in his room. While groping around for the light he bumped against a vase, the latter getting the worst of it. On his table lay a yellow envelope. A telegram! He opened it with caution and peeked inside. He read:

Dear Charles—Impossible for me to come to Boston stop My sister coming instead stop Take her to hotel stop She wants quiet and rest stop Aunt Margaret.

Charles fell back on his bed and knew no more.

The next morning Charles woke up and last night's adventure came back to him. He suddenly began to laugh, loudly and boisterously. The laugh was so loud and so long that a sparrow which had perched on his window-sill flew off to perch some other place.

Annegret Hayessen, 8-3.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD

Of the five million in New York, Abie was just one. Three weeks ago Abie had come to Manhattan to make his fortune—that's what all his friends thought, but he hadn't started yet.

Abie roomed with George in a little flat over on the East Side. George worked in Rosenbloom's Dry Goods Store. But Abie? No, No, he went to school—night school. Abie wanted to learn, because before he left for New York hadn't his Mamma told him—"Abie," she said, "go to a night school while you are there. For remember, Abie, an education is more precious than gold."

Every night when he came home from work, George would plead with him. "C'mon Abe, junk this school business and get a job at Rosenbloom's with me. I get fourteen bucks a week and my clothes half price. Look Abe, look at this suit I got for—"

"Yes, I know, but don't bother me. I have to study for this history test tonight."

One Wednesday George took the afternoon off and came home expecting to see Abie pouring over his books, but he only saw a piece of paper hanging from the light bulb. He took it down and read it aloud.

"George. My cash is low, so I am going downtown to get a part time job—I'll still going to go to school. Abe.

P.S.—Have my books ready because school is tonight. A."

At that moment Abie was reading a sign in Schwartz's butcher shop window: "Young man wanted. Apply within." Abie parted his hair with his hands, straightened his tie, and walked in.

"Mr. Schwartz? I'd like that job you're advertising in your window."

The big German wiped his hands, "Vell," he said, "Haff you had any experience?"

"Well, I learn about meats at school—"

"Ach, mine boy, you go to school. I vant a boy for all day."

"But," began Abe, "I only go at—"

"Ach, mine boy, you can't be at school und here at the same time. I am sorry."

All day long he tried. "But, young man, you still go to school." They wouldn't give him a chance to tell about school at night.

We went back to his room, footsore and weary, to find George with his feet propped against the radiator.

"Well, Abe," he asked, "any luck?"

"No. Seven places I tried. They don't want me because I go to school."

George tried to comfort him. "If you'd only come to Rosenbloom's I could get you a job—but you'll have to quit school. By the way, gotta go to school tonight?"

"Yes. Give me the want ad section, George," said Abie as he took off his shoes. "I want to look at them once more."

He took the paper and began to read. His eyes scanned the help-wanted column till he saw one that attracted his attention. He read it over twice: "Young man. 18-22 wanted as usher in Radio City Music Hall. No experience needed. Apply Mr. Boyd."

He jumped up and shook George. "Look," he said thrusting the paper in his face, "I'm going to see if I can get that job tomorrow!"

Promptly at nine, a freshly barbered young man walked down the long carpeted corridors of Radio City. He stopped before an office marked "Mr. Boyd" and tapped politely. A voice bade him enter.

At the far corner of the room behind a huge desk sat Mr. Boyd. Abe walked over and spoke to this cool, precise man behind the desk.

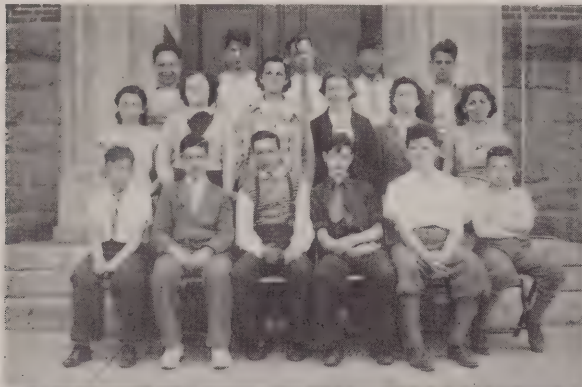
"I've come to apply for the position as usher," he said.

Mr. Boyd looked at him, "All right," he said, "I think you'll do. They'll tell you what to do down stairs. Your salary is seventeen dollars a week. Name? Oh, first—do you go to school?"

Abie thought quickly. Should he say he went to night school and lose this position as he had the others? But seventeen dollars a week—more than George received. He made his decision.

"No," he said, "I've stopped going to school."

Mr. Boyd turned to the letter he was writing. "Sorry," he said, "we only take those



**THE REPORTERS' CLUB
THE NINTH GRADE NOVELTY CLUB**



**DRAMATIC CLUB OF ROOM 18
THE ENGROSSING CLUB**

who are working for better things at college or evening school. Good morning."

Next day Mr. Rosenbloom signed another employee to his payroll.

John McLean, 9-8.

LOST AND FOUND

The Century Special was speeding eastward to Boston. On it was a very gloomy and disconsolate man. He was Bob Hastings, private secretary to P. J. Hunt, the famous financier. He was returning from his employer's lodge in the Berkshires where he had been spending a vacation. A few days before leaving he had been entrusted with a valuable gem that Mr. Hunt had just bought. He was supposed to take it directly to P. J.'s office in Boston, but one day while hunting he lost it.

Beside Bob in a basket, was a huge turkey which he had shot the day after he lost the diamond. Bob had brought it with him to give to his mother for Thanksgiving dinner. No matter how miserable he felt, he was de-

termined to have Thanksgiving dinner with his mother as he had promised.

He kept thinking how foolish he was to have kept the diamond with him instead of hiding it at the lodge. His broodings were brought to an abrupt halt as the train pulled into the station. He stepped off the train and started out for home.

Upon arriving he greeted his mother with a smile. He gave her the turkey and went into the kitchen to help her prepare it for cooking. His mother asked him to pluck and clean it so that it would be ready for stuffing. The bird was soon stripped of its feathers and Bob started to clean it. While doing so he came in contact with something small and hard. He cleaned it off and upon looking at it he discovered it was the diamond. With a shout of joyous exultation, he threw his arms around his mother's neck. Upon the demand of his mother, he explained it all. That day was a real Thanksgiving Day for Bob.

Walter Latham, 8-1.

THE LITTLE RAIDER

The Birch family were all in the living room of their home and John Birch, the head of the house, was the one who spoke first, breaking the gloomy silence that was in the room. Turning to his wife he said, "This can't go on forever, we must get the one that is taking food from the ice box."

For three days now the members of the Birch family had arisen to find that their ice box had been raided and the greater part of the food taken out.

"I have an idea," said Tom the oldest son. "Father and I shall stay awake tonight and watch from the window of the spare room in the back of the house. That is the way the thief will come in."

"A great idea," replied his father.

When the rest of the family was asleep, Tom and his father were watching from the spare room window. It was a clear moonlight night and they could get a good view of the back yard. They stayed there half the night, but they did not see anyone. So they went to bed. The next morning they went to the ice box and again found some food missing.

"I wonder how he got in with the door and windows locked?" asked Paul as he patted his dog Spot.

"It beats me," replied Tim.

After the long day was over and they were seated at supper, Mr. Birch said, "I wonder how the thief got into the house without our seeing him."

No one answered because all were trying to think of a plan to catch the thief; that is, all except Paul who was busy eating.

That evening after Mrs. Birch and Paul had left for the movies, Tim who was sitting in the parlor with his father, suddenly exclaimed, "I have it," in a voice that made his father jump. "We can stay in the kitchen tonight and when he comes we can nab him."

"We'll do that and we'll get him this time," replied his father.

That night they waited in the darkness of the kitchen. All was quiet save the loud ticking of the kitchen clock. They had lost all track of time and were both very weary of waiting when all of a sudden they heard the click of the ice box door. They both listened, straining their ears to hear another

sound and wondering how the intruder had gained entrance to the house. The darkness prevented them from seeing him but they both knew where the ice box was. They leaped at the same time. There was a terrific struggle that lasted for about three minutes. Grunts and groans were heard amid the scuffle of bodies on the floor. The terrific noise had awakened Mrs. Birch who thought the house was falling. She went to the kitchen and turned on the light. The sight that met her eyes made her laugh out loud. There on the floor in front of the ice box was Mr. Birch rubbing his head and along side of him was Tim. They both looked puzzled and when they saw that they had been fighting each other instead of the thief they both blushed; their faces turning beet-red. Mrs. Birch was still laughing when she asked, "Where is the thief?"

The two who were rising from the floor looked even more puzzled. "We had him, but he got away," replied Tim rather meekly. Just then Mrs. Birch saw the thief in the corner of the kitchen and pointed. Tim and his father looked and whom should they see standing in the corner looking very frightened, with a piece of turkey in his trembling hand, but none other than Paul, the youngest of the Birch family.

Paul explained in a frightened voice that he had been hungry and wanted something to eat. He also told them that when he had heard a noise behind him he had moved away from the ice box. Mr. Birch and Tim were very angry and a little bit ashamed. The next morning Paul received his punishment from his father and never again did he feel hungry enough at night to go to the ice box.

The following evening when they were in the parlor and all were happy with the exception of Tim who was nursing a very sore eye that was now turning black, Mr. Birch turned to him and sighed, "Tonight we will get a good night's rest."

The mystery at the Birch home had at last come to an end.

James Haslett, 8-4.

JUST MADE IT

It came rushing around the bend, the headlight cutting its way through the murky rain. In the cab of the train there were two people, the engineer Jim and the fireman Bill.

"Hope we get these people through before the bridge gives out," said Jim.

"All going up to the Wise Hotel, too," said Bill.

"Yes. Gosh, but it's nice and quiet up here though," said his pal.

"Here's a curve, sound the whistle," promptly answered Jim.

"I think that red head is a bit off her trolley with that one-hundred dollars her grandmother gave her," said Bill.

"Slow her down, here comes the tunnel," said Jim, "And she's swaying already."

"Well, here we go," said Bill.

"I'll give her all I got."

"You'd better. She's starting to give."

The bridge was creaking and groaning and starting to fold up.

"Can't she take any more steam?"

"No, got all the pressure up she can take," said Jim.

Then there was a loud crash and the bridge started to float down stream with the current.

"Whew! Just made it," exclaimed Bill.

"Yes, I guess it isn't so quiet up here after all," said Jim.

William Dorley, 9-2.

FIGHTING PILOT

Glen Foster uncurled his legs from his desk. He pulled his lanky body off the chair and then sauntered across the office to the porch. Glen was owner, manager, and proprietor of the Foster Flying Field and he was worried because business had not been so good. Just as he reached the porch, a tall person stepped out from the corner and approached Glen. The stranger spoke first saying, "Are you Mr. Foster?"

Glen answered in the affirmative and the stranger continued saying, "Mr. Foster, I will offer you five thousand dollars if you will take me to northern New York and another five hundred if you'll take me across the Canadian border."

Glen was surprised and sudden suspicion flitted through his mind. Who was this man? Why did he want to leave U. S.? Glen was taking no chances so he said, "I am very sorry, but I can't take people on so long a trip."

The stranger seemed worried, "Listen," he said, "I'll double that first offer."

"Sorry, but I can't."

The stranger's eyes flashed and with a quick movement he pulled out a gun.

Glen smiled. "I guess I'll have to go," he said.

Glen knew that this man must be some dangerous criminal. So as they walked along he tried to think of some way to trap him. Just as they entered the hangar, he swiftly turned towards the spot where the plane was, but instead of going there, he flattened himself against the wall. When the stranger entered he peered into the darkness, and then Glen jumped on him. With a swift punch Glen had the man knocked out.

The next day's newspapers told in full detail how Glen had captured a wanted criminal. With this publicity Glen's business increased. The newspapers always referred to him as the "Fighting Pilot."

William Cohen, 8-1.

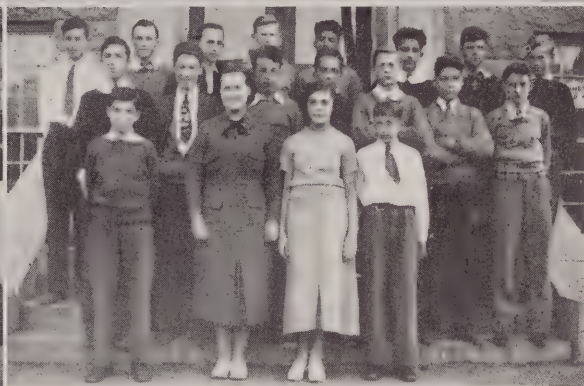
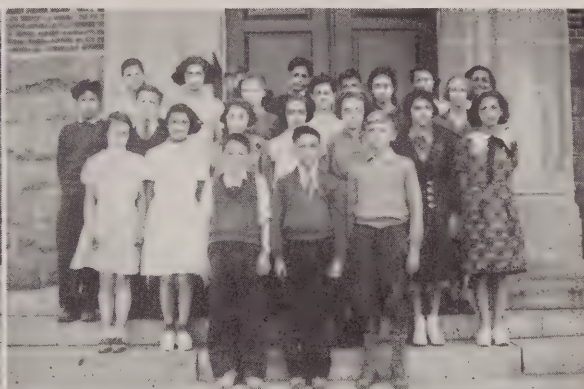
HIS FIRST DEER

It was nearing twilight in the Canadian woods. Two figures were trudging across a clearing. One of these was a man of about forty-five. But in spite of his age his eyes were clear and he walked with a firm step. He was dressed in khaki and a Winchester was slung over his shoulder. The second figure was that of a boy. He too was of powerful build like his father and was also dressed in khaki. A double-barrel shot gun nestled in the crook of his arm. They had obviously been on a hunting and camping trip, for, besides their guns, they carried knapsacks and blankets.

It was evident that they had had no luck and the boy was greatly disappointed. His father noting this suddenly stopped and said, "Never mind, son, if we haven't anything. We have eight more miles to go yet, so I think I will sit down here and have a smoke." So saying he spread a blanket out on the ground and sat down.

"Well, Dad," spoke the boy, "if you don't mind, I think I'll do a little bit of hunting." After saying this he walked off into the forest.

He had not gone more than a mile when suddenly out of a thicket in front of him jumped a deer. Before he disappeared into



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the wood the boy's gun leaped to his shoulder and he pulled both triggers. There was a loud report and two charges of buck-shot tore into the deer, leaving two great wounds. The animal ran a few steps and then collapsed on the ground on its side. The boy ran up to it and seeing that it was in great agony, put another shot into its brain. He then sat down and waited for his father who soon came puffing up the hill. As he stared at the deer, a look of surprise came over his face and then the look soon changed to one of admiration.

The next day when they reached home, the boy's father had a taxidermist mount the head and it was placed over the fireplace for all to admire.

Frederick McClure, 9-7.

EVERYTHING SOLVED

"My, but it's hot," said Nancy, "here we are in the middle of Old Jenny's mystery and we can't get another clue. It's so hot

I just can't look for that place any more."

"I can't make anything out of this jumble of letters and numbers," replied Jean, a tall, slim girl of fifteen years, "and old Jen's mystery on top of this just makes my insides feel queer."

"Well, we aren't getting anywhere sitting here. Come on, let's look a little harder," suggested Nancy.

A little over two months ago Nancy Anderson and Jean Russell had found a queer paper in old Jen's attic. They had found it by accident. They couldn't make out a thing from it, but with the help of Professor Anderson, Nancy's father, they interpreted some of it. It told of a tunnel and a queer signate. They found another paper, but they had not been able to make anything of it. Professor Anderson forgot all about it. Old Jen was a queer woman who lived by herself at the end of the small town. Her parents were not known and there was a lot of talk about her family. Her father was

supposed to have helped the slaves escape by underground railroad to Canada. The day Nancy and Jean found those papers there was an accident. By that, I mean they ran across the papers unintentionally. Now back to Jean and Nancy looking for the tunnel.

"I give up," said Nancy.

"Oh! No, you don't! we're going to look until we find some clue," answered Jean with hope in her voice.

They went around the cherry tree for the tenth time, but in vain, for nothing could be found. Just then Nancy gave a squeal of delight, for as she lifted the branch of the cherry tree, there in the ground was a hollow opening. The girls stood frozen to the ground. They were too amazed to move. Jean was the first to break the tense silence. Her voice seemed husky and excited.

"Well, here we are. We've found something at last. Come on; let's go in. Maybe we will be welcomed."

"Gee—b—b—but I—I'm scared," replied Nancy.

"Why, Nancy Anderson! Have you got the nerve to tell me that? Here the mystery is at our feet, and you're afraid!"

"No, I'm not afraid, b—but that place doesn't look very inviting."

"Come, I'll go first," volunteered Jean.

When they entered they could just see each other's eyes. Their imaginations made them hear queer, far-off noises. They searched around with their hands, Nancy thought she found a candle. Soon Jean found matches. After a hard process of feeling they had the candle lighted and what met their sight made them hold their breaths. There was a table, a shelf, and a few chairs; no more, no less. The walls were of a hard dirty substance which looked a great deal like mud. The floor was of wood.

"Jean, pinch me, so that I'll know I'm not dreaming," exclaimed Nancy.

Jean did as she was told and convinced Nancy of her state of living.

"This doesn't help us," was Jean's disappointed statement.

After a look in every corner they couldn't find a thing. Suddenly they heard a far off rattle that made them stand as still as statues.

"Nancy, I believe I've lost twenty pounds since we entered this place."

"Jean, take out that paper and let's try to solve it," said Nancy.

This suggestion was received with enthusiasm on Jean's part. After looking at it for a long time, Nancy exclaimed, "Why, Jean! Look here," for Nancy's keen eyes deciphered a few words from the queer jumble of letters.

"Why look; it says right and now left, six, then three."

"Why, it doesn't make sense," remarked Jean.

Then they sat and thought for a long while, until Nancy jumped up, "Jean, maybe it means the left side, then six steps to somewhere, but I'm afraid I do not know where. But, what does the three mean? Here just let me try to give you a rough idea, Jean. I'll go to the left side of this place." Nancy suited words to action. "Then, I take six steps to the right of this place along the side of the wall. That brings me to the end of this place. Now, what does three mean: One—two—three," she tapped with her foot uncertainly on three boards in the floor. All of a sudden a click was heard that made Nancy jump to Jean's side. The boards had slipped out of place and their eyes beheld a big, deep hole. The two girls advanced as slowly and cautiously as a fox does when looking for a rabbit. They looked down the hole and saw a little ladder leading a little way down.

"What next, Jean?" asked Nancy.

"Let's go down there," was Jean's answer.

"Down there? Jean Russell!"

"Why yes, we started this, let's finish it. Suppose this is what we've been looking for after all?"

"It is, Jean but I don't dare to go down there."

"Why not? I'm going." So Jean went down the ladder. Nancy put the candle out and, not wanting to be alone, she followed Jean meekly. It was wet and damp at the end of the ladder. There was, what seemed to them, a long tunnel as far as their eyes could see.

"Well, here goes," said Jean and they started walking. They walked and walked, making many turns. After a while the turns became sharper. There was a tense silence for neither one spoke. Every once in a while

they would bump their heads on the low ceiling. Every now and then they would come across a dirty rag, once white. Soon the turns became less frequent and it was becoming brighter and the tunnel wider. As if the cave had fallen in, the two girls stopped abruptly, for the cave came to an end. There before them stood a stone wall. Nancy's spirits cracked and Jean's heart stood still for what seemed ages.

Nancy was the first to speak. "Well, Jean, dreams never come true."

Jean was not to be so easily crushed as Nancy. She pushed and tugged at the wall until a large brick in the wall gave way and what met their sight was more astonishing, more exciting than ever before. Nancy could hear her heart beat out a steady rhythm. "Oh!" was all that Jean could say. They had walked underground all the way across the meadow, past the brook, through the woods until they reached Nancy's home. There before Nancy and Jean stood the door of Nancy's cellar.

"Well, I declare," shouted Nancy, "here I am trying to solve old Jen's mystery and I have one of my own to figure out."

Meanwhile, Jean searched until she had found a button between the rocks and when she pressed it the door slid back leaving the two girls and the mystery tunnel separated. They looked around the cellar until they were sure that no one was there. They hurried up the stairs that led to the kitchen, opened the door, and looked around. Then they went to Nancy's room. There they washed up and combed their hair. They resolved not to tell anyone their discovery. It was soon time to have supper, so Jean went home. At the supper table Nancy was asked where she had spent the afternoon. "In the meadow," was her reply.

Immediately she asked, "Father, has anyone ever lived here before us?"

Mr. Anderson answered, "No." Then he seemed to remember and said that old Jen had lived there. No one noticed Mr. Anderson's white face. The subject was changed even though it was valuable information to Nancy.

After supper Jean came to Nancy's house and there a special conference was held between them in Nancy's room. They agreed that old Jen knew something about this new discovery of the girls. They decided to go

to old Jen's and ask her to clear up the whole mystery. The next day they meekly approached old Jen. Finally they got up enough courage to ask her. After a little hesitation on her part, she told them that the tunnel leading from Nan's house to the little room underground was the headquarters of the underground railroad and that the tunnel from her home led right to Canada. "My father was a leader in the underground railroad." She added this bit of information to the rest of her slowly told story.

"Do you know anything about a signate?" asked Nancy. At this question Jen grew pale. Then she said slowly as if dreading to say it, "The signate happens to be in your room in the closet. Your closet leads to a trap door behind which is a furnished room. In a big chest of drawers lies the signate."

At this news Nancy let out squeals of delight for she had had too much excitement for two days.

"Why to think it is in my room. I can't get over it. Come on, Jen and Jean, let's go and tell the family."

Jen hesitated at first but the girls soon persuaded her to go. She made a queer figure going down the street with the girls who were walking at a much faster pace than she. When Nancy's home was reached, Nan and Jean told their story. Old Jen stayed and when they finished she told hers. Nancy had a guilty conscience for she told her father that she had been in the meadow all afternoon. Her father didn't say a word and he and Jen didn't speak to each other. The signate was almost forgotten when there was a rush for the stairs. Old Jen opened Nan's closet, opened the trap door and there was the little room revealed at last. A letter caught Nan's eye. It read: "Miss Jennie Anderson."

"Why Jen! your name is Anderson," exclaimed Nan.

Mr. Anderson looked at Jen and said, "Well, sister, we might as well tell them the story."

"Sister! Why father——!" But Nan's words were cut short by her father who said, "Wait!"

Then he told her how Jen and he had quarreled over a misunderstanding and since then they had never spoken to each other.

"Why, father, come to think of it Jen's house is the same as ours," said Nancy.

"Yes, you old wizard," replied her father.

Tears were in old Jen's eyes. They were tears of happiness. Jean and Nancy were proud, for they had not only solved a mystery but had brought happiness to others.

Naseima Hid, 8-4.

THE VISITOR

One cold winter day as I was reading in front of the fire I heard a faint noise outside the door. At first I paid no attention to it, but as the noise was repeated I became curious. I went to the door and looked out. No one was there. That seemed very strange to me. I opened the door wider and as I did so a gust of wind blew it violently out of my reach. While I stood shivering in the darkness of the night I heard the noise again. It was like a long wail of a crying baby, but I could see none. Where could the noise come from? As I looked at the steps, I thought I saw a little mound of snow move. I pushed the snow away and found a half frozen pup there. It uttered a faint but joyful cry as I picked it up.

I took it into the house and laid it in a warm place beside the stove. I rubbed it with a towel until it was quite dry and then I wrapped it in a blanket. After the dog was dry I gave it some hot milk. Soon it began little yelps of joy. I gathered it in my arms and sat before the fire. I felt curious about the dog. So I set it down and went to get the blanket in which it had been wrapped when I found it. As I picked up the blanket, I found a piece of paper attached to it. This is what was written on it:

"Please take care of this little visitor as I can not afford to keep him. He is a very nice little dog and will cause no trouble. Thank you."

Anna Di Nardo, 9-2.

THE EVANSHIRE CASE

Outside the old house on Baker Street the storm raged in its fury. Inside Dr. Fotson raged because of the incessant scrapings of Hemlock Holmes, the famous detective, on his bull fiddle.

Suddenly Dr. Fotson's agony was ended by a sharp rapping on the door. Upon opening the door, he saw a well-groomed lady

standing at the entrance. Fotson bade her enter, which she did. Seeing Holmes, she went to him and poured out her woeful story.

"I am Lady Evanshire," said the visitor in a rich cultivated voice. "I was giving a party tonight in honor of my guest, Ramon Alvarez, the South American cinema idol."

"Oh, yes," said Holmes, "the star they advertise as 'the man with the pearly teeth'."

"Yes, he is the man," assented Lady Evanshire. "To get on with my story," she continued, "we were dancing in the ballroom when suddenly the lights went out. There was a scream and when the lights went on again, I discovered my pearls were gone. One of my guests was an official at Scotland Yard. He immediately locked the doors and checked on the occupants of the room. Everyone was present so he dispatched me to secure your services."

"Tell me," said Holmes, "was there any distinguishing feature about your pearls?"

"Why, yes," answered the lady, "there was. They were given to my husband by a South Sea Islander and each one was shaped like a tooth."

"Thank you," said Holmes, "that may prove to be a valuable clue. But come, we must go to your home to er-ah interview your guests. Come along, Fotson."

"Oh, I say, Holmes, must we go out tonight? It's really beastly weather outside," protested the Doctor.

"Oh, rubbish," said Holmes. "You won't melt. Come along now."

So the three went out to Lady Evanshire's waiting carriage. As the horses galloped along, the night grew steadily darker.

At last they reached their destination. Holmes surveyed all the guests, but his glance rested longest on Ramon Alvarez. Holmes spoke with Lady Evanshire for a moment, and then, addressing the entire assembly, he said, "The excitement of tonight's events have made you all nervous and suspicious of each other. Lady Evanshire has just remembered to have seen an open window which was closed before the robbery. This leads us to believe that the job was done by an outsider. You have all been searched and the pearls have not been found on any of you. This further confirms the fact that the job was done by an out-

sider. However, the criminal did not get the real pearls, but an imitation necklace of the same design. The real pearls are in the safe in the living room. Now, since it is late, I suggest that you go to your rooms. Good night."

"But, Holmes," said Fotson when everyone had gone, "the real pearls were stolen and you have just said they weren't stolen at all."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes," said Lady Evanshire. "Why did you say that?"

"Come into the living room and I will explain," said Holmes.

When they reached the living room, Holmes opened the safe and put in a string of imitation pearls. Then he sat down and said, "It is my belief that the person who stole the pearls is in this house. You will recall that I said the stolen pearls were not real. I also said the real ones were in this room. The thief, thinking he has the false pearls, will come in here, take the imitation pearls and replace them with the real ones."

"Who do you think the thief is?" asked Fotson.

"Ramon Alvarez," replied Holmes.

"Incredible," said Fotson. "Where could he have concealed them?"

"All I'll say is that his teeth look too 'pearly' to me," answered Holmes.

The conversation was cut short by the sound of someone approaching. Holmes and Fotson ducked behind a curtain. As they peered through they saw the space between the door and casing widen. Soon a human body filled that space. The midnight visitor advanced slowly into the room. As he brushed by the curtain, Holmes grabbed him.

"Quick, Fotson, the lights!" he snapped.

When the lights were on, they revealed the Latin features of Ramon Alvarez. Fotson put his hand into the actor's mouth and pulled out the pearls. By removing these he revealed the fact that Ramon Alvarez was without teeth.

Remembering Holmes' remark earlier in the evening, Fotson shook his head wonderingly, lost in admiration of the detective's cleverness. "The man has second sight," he sighed.

Walter Latham, 8-1.

NO GREATER HERO

"Brrrrrr!" roared the five Bentley motors of the five Camels as they taxied to the line after returning from the dawn patrol. As Bob Barkley, senior flight leader, uncoiled his lanky form from the cockpit of his plane, an orderly ran up and announced that the captain would like to see him.

As Bob entered the Captain's office, he sensed that something was wrong, and when Captain Ryder cleared his throat before speaking, he knew definitely that the unusual was about to happen.

"Lieutenant Barkley," said the captain, coming to the point immediately, "I called you to my office to send you and your flight on a suicide mission. As you probably know, we are planning a drive in the Lizores sector; but in this sector there is an enemy balloon which can watch our movements. We have tried many times to destroy it, but we always fail because it is so heavily guarded from ground and sky. I want you and 'B Flight' to destroy this balloon and I don't care how many men you lose."

"Yes, sir," said Bob as he saluted and strode from the room.

Ten minutes later Bob, at the head of "B Flight," roared into enemy territory to destroy the balloon. He turned and stared back at his companion planes, knowing that many of them would never return. As this thought came to him he suddenly grasped his Very pistol and fired a red Very light, which meant to disregard the leader's movements. Then he pushed the control stick and went into a screaming dive—straight toward the balloon. As he went down, the enemy's anti-aircraft guns went into action and his ship was riddled with bursting shrapnel; but he still dove. Suddenly his comrades, who were watching him from above, saw him dive squarely into the balloon and burst into flames.

As "B Flight" turned sadly homeward, they all knew there was no greater hero than Bob Barkley, who had sacrificed his life to save theirs.

Joseph Zaverson, 8-1.

WHAT HAPPENED TO FIFI

You probably all remember in our school operetta, "And It Rained," that Mademoiselle Marie Carie lost his little dog, Fifi. No

one ever told you the dog's story. So here it is.

Fifi was getting pretty sick of being pulled about by this little French woman who had never seen France, so she decided that she was old enough and big enough to take care of herself. When Mademoiselle had her back turned, Fifi slipped away and scampered off into the cool near-by woods. It was nice in there with no human beings, only the trees and flowers, and little wood animals. She enjoyed herself for the next two hours chasing rabbits and squirrels. Soon she became tired and just curled up and went to sleep. She dreamed for two hours of all sorts of nice things to eat, but when she awoke she was terribly hungry. She hunted and hunted but nothing edible presented itself. By this time Fifi was in desperation, so she decided that the only thing to do was go back to Mademoiselle. At least she had always fed her pet. The dog started back to the hotel, first running, then walking, then trotting, but at last became so tired that her legs buckled under her. She decided she had been getting nowhere so she went to sleep again.

Back at the hotel Mademoiselle had discovered her loss and was organizing a searching party for Fifi. It was she who led the party into the woods and after going about a half mile it was she who found the poor little doggy. She carried her precious pet back home where she gently doused Fifi with water and then fed her the hotel's best meat, much to Mrs. Wise's consternation.

Jean Galbraith, 9-2.

THE SACRIFICE

The day for the annual dog race was drawing near. There were only five contestants in it this year. There were three French-Canadians, one Englishman and one American. It looked as though the race was going to be between Paul De Veaux, one of the French-Canadians, and Jerry Lyle, the American. The course was to be Little Moose Lake, twenty miles distance and back. A few miles beyond Little Moose Lake there was a city where the doctor of the settlement purchased his supplies.

The day of the race dawned bright and clear, and racing conditions were ideal. The contestants were going to the starting place. It happened that Jerry was to be the third

one to leave. One had already left when the town doctor ran up to Jerry.

"Jerry," he said, "I'm all out of serum and the snowmobile has broken down. You've got to help me."

"How can I help?" asked Jerry.

"The city with the serum is just a little bit beyond Little Moose Lake. You could continue on to there, get the serum, and then come back here."

"But the race," protested Jerry.

"There are lives to be saved," replied the doctor.

"O. K.," said Jerry, "I'll do it."

It was Jerry's turn to go now. He cracked the whip and they were away. The scenery flashed by as his speed increased. Jerry was speeding along when he saw a black speck in front of him. As Jerry crept up on it, it grew larger and it finally turned out to be Roger, the man who had left before him. Now De Veaux was ahead of him. Jerry's dogs were in perfect condition. They were running splendidly. De Veaux was only fifty yards in front when Little Moose Lake's frozen surface loomed into view. Jerry saw De Veaux reach the lake just as he headed down the trail for the supply city.

The doctor had allowed Jerry two hours to get back with the medicine. Three-quarters of an hour had already passed. That left an hour and a quarter to get the serum and return, an hour and a quarter to go twenty odd miles with a team that was slowly showing the effects of the terrific pace at which they were driven. Jerry reached the supply city just as the hour passed. He purchased the medicine and started out again.

They had gone about three miles when one of his dogs fell. Upon investigating, Jerry found that the harness had tripped him. The distance was fast shrinking, but so was the time. Seven more miles to go and he had fifteen minutes. Soon it was five miles and eleven minutes. At four miles, Jerry saw a speck in the distance that looked like a man and a dog team. The speck grew larger and it turned out to be De Veaux. The town was only a mile away when Jerry found he had only five minutes left. He saw that Rex, his lead dog, was still running strongly, so he unharnessed him, tied the serum on his back and with an encouraging

word, he told him to run to Doctor Arnold with the serum. Rex streaked away and was soon out of sight.

Upon reaching the town eight minutes later, Jerry found he had lost the race and De Veaux had won. He also found he had saved many lives by getting the serum there on time. He was satisfied.

Walter Latham, 8-1.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The policeman, twirling his heavy club, stood under the glare of the street lamp, while he watched a solitary figure come slowly through the misty fog of the waterfront.

As the man approached the officer of the law, the policeman pointed a stubby forefinger at the man. "Now what would ye be doin' in this district at this time of the night?" He peered into the suspect's face. "What's yer name? I oughta book you on suspicion."

While he spoke he viewed his victim under a street lamp. He was dressed in an old pair of trousers and a striped sweater with a checkered cap pulled low over one eye. He was of the type that one would instantly classify as thug or yegg. In his right hand he carried a small overnight bag.

The man struggled to free himself from the iron grip of the policeman. "Please, officer, I have to leave." Then he added, as if to explain, "I'm in a hurry."

"Well," the policeman was rueful, "I'll let ye go this time. But don't let me catch ye down in this district again," he added.

With this reminder the man continued at a brisk walk down the dark, cobblestoned street. At last he stopped before a building, extracted a flashlight from his pocket, and played its light on the dark brick building which a dusty sign proclaimed "Stevens and Eaton: Shippers." He took a key from his jacket, opened the door, and walked boldly inside.

Meanwhile, a uniformed figure lurked in the shadows nearby. It was the policeman. If there had been light, one would have seen on his face the look of a man whose suspicious thoughts had been confirmed. He drew his gun and followed the man. The man flashed his light around the room till it stopped on a small, old fashioned safe in the corner. He then walked with confident steps

over the floor toward the safe, took from his pocket a piece of paper and began to work the combination. From the safe the burglar took some leather covered books and records, put them in his bag with the air of a person with work well accomplished and started to get up to leave. When suddenly—"Now begorra! Put your hands up and come with me to the station. Ye'll have some explainin' to do." The policeman covered the man with a revolver and added, "I've caught ye in the act. There will be no monkeyshines in the seventeenth precinct. No Sir!"

Words failed the prisoner. His pale face was white with fear. He got up and marched obediently in front of the officer.

Ten minutes later desk Sergeant in Station 10 looked up from the sporting section of the evening paper to see Patrolman Rooney come in leading a dejected looking prisoner still clutching the small leather bag in his hands.

"Sergeant, I found this man robbin' the office ———"

"Officer, let me explain. I was ———"

The desk Sergeant silenced them both with a commanding hand, "We'll hear Rooney first. Now what did happen?"

After pausing a moment for breath the policeman started again. "Well sir, it was like this. I found this man robbin' the shippin' office down on the wharf." He pointed an accusing finger at the prisoner and the bag he was carrying. "The loot's in the bag."

"All right, Rooney!" The Sergeant nodded his head at the prisoner saying, "Now let's hear from you."

"First," said the man, "let me introduce myself. I am J. Arthur Eaton, junior partner of Stevens and Eaton, the shipping firm. I was coming home from a masquerade party when I decided to get the books from that office. I had never been there before - - - my office is uptown. I was getting the records when this patrolman here," he looked at the officer, "confronted me with a gun. I meant no harm - - - now may I go?"

"Yes, I think you can," replied the sergeant. "And Rooney," he called to the policeman, who was making a hurried exit, "don't go arresting innocent citizens unless you know their identity!"

And so, without further ado, the desk ser-

geant turned to reading his paper while the masquerader hurried homeward and the patrolman returned to leaning against the lamp-post in the heart of Precinct 17.

John McLean, 9-8.

WHY NOT A COMEDY?

A vehicle was coming down the road trying its best to spatter mud as it came. It bore no marked resemblance to a car, but its chassis was evidently made from a 1920 model, while the top resembled a covered wagon which had borne the pioneers across the continent a hundred years ago.

Inside this vehicle sat a group of people. The most distinguished of the group was a man with a large walrus mustache. He was evidently Professor Wilkes Booth Jones that the sign on the back of the car told about. It read: "The Shakespearean Guild, under the direction of Professor Wilkes Booth Jones. We'll stage any play in any town," it further made known.

"Well, Professor, if we don't play in this next town we don't eat," flatly stated a young man who looked as though he must be the hero in all the Guild plays.

"Henry's right", chimed a young girl who sat in the middle of the floor. Surrounding her were tools of the acting profession.

"Yes, we haven't even seen a steak since we shook the dust of New York from our heels," clamored Mary and Bill, two other members of the Guild.

"Quiet, quiet! Can't you fellows let a man think?" growled Henry. "What this show needs is some exciting plays so that we'll attract the hick town populace instead of making them walk the other way."

"Well, the idea is all right but we can't put on any show other than 'Romeo and Juliet' because that's all the scenery we have. I left the rest with Sam's Hock Shop so I could pay the traveling expenses of the show," bemoaned the walrus-mustached one.

"Got any suggestions, Val?" asked Henry of the girl who was still sitting among her jars of putty and cold cream.

"Sure, why not stage 'Romeo and Juliet' as a comedy?"

"Brilliant, ingenious, wonderful!" cried Henry with a flavoring of heavy sarcasm in his voice. Suddenly Joe, the stage hand who was driving the car, cried over his shoulder,

"Say what's this down the road?" The actors looked out of the car and saw three men standing in the road motioning the car to stop.

"Better stop and see what they want" warned the Professor, and with much ado he stuck his head out the window and yelled, "What's the meaning of this outrage?"

"Put 'em up, you guys," growled one of the men waving his gun menacingly. The order was obeyed by all.

"Read this," said one of the men holding a recently published New York paper. The article read, "Tommy Mason, notorious gangster flees New York after attempt at bank robbery. Police search all highways." The faces of the actors were blank.

"Perhaps you don't understand yet," said one of the men and with a polite smirk on his face he stepped forward and drawled, "Let me introduce myself. I am Tommy Mason, better known to my public as New York's Public Enemy Number One." The group gave a gasping chorus and Mary, evidently thrilled to the bone, whispered to Val, "Oh, I've always wondered what he really looked like. Isn't this exciting?"

"Our car broke down and the police are after us. So we will just borrow your act, join up with the Guild, and put on a show in the next town. That will hide us from the police. You fellows will be kept covered," Mason motioned toward the annoyed but helpless actors, "and we'll pretend to be Guild actors and put on whatever show you are going to put on. After the show, we'll stick with you till you get us safely across the state line, then ———"

"You can't get away with this. I'll notify the police," cried Henry. Then, "Ouch," a jar of cold cream found its mark in Henry's eye.

The show rattled into Harrisville Junction distributing posters to the effect that "Romeo and Juliet" were to live again at the Harrisville Theatre, which was also the Town Hall and funeral parlor. The theatre was crowded for it wasn't often that a city show came to Harrisville Junction.

Later Mary and Bill ate every available steak in New York with Henry and Val helping them, while Sam the hock shop dealer had to return some very bad scenery to the Professor.

Annegret Hayessen, 8-3.



CLASS WILL



Know all men by these presents that we, the 1936 Class of the Quincy Point Junior High School of Quincy, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, United States of America, being of sound bodies and of more or less sound minds, presupposing that we have any minds after three years of incarceration in this temple of learning; but realizing the dangers, uncertainties, and pitfalls of life, do hereby make this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all previous wills and codicils.

We leave to:

- Mr. Farrell: A history book to prove that England isn't the only country with an army.
- Mr. Evans: A library of his own so that he will not have to spend so much time in the school library.
- Miss Walton: A punch clock to register the arrival of her lingering library staff.
- Miss Scriptor: A music box to accompany her while singing her class to sleep.
- Mrs. Treco: A berry pie, which she may find useful in explaining fractions next fall.
- Miss Steinbrenner: An electric chart to record all mistakes made in English so that the time of the class will not be wasted.
- Miss Haley: A room on the roof so that she may obtain the sunshine she has missed for so many years.
- Miss Arnold: Plenty of supplies to last throughout the school year.
- Miss Leighton: We know she enjoys Raphael, Millet, and Sir Edwin Landseer, but here is a book entitled "Bringing Up Father" which we hope she will enjoy.
- Mr. Terry: Liniment for aching muscles, caused by bending over us while we have tried to make straight edges and right-angled corners. It will also remove shellac from any surface, if not the surface also.
- Miss Mahoney: A few of Nicolas Montuori's smiles to use in the coming years.
- Miss Russell: A scrapbook of clippings so that she won't have to spend so much time cutting.
- Miss Tower: A tea room supplied with plenty of cake but no tea.
- Miss Blakney: Two doorways so that when one division has a test it will be impossible to pass the answers to the other divisions.
- Miss Winer: An official tag so that people will be able to distinguish her from the pupils of the school.
- Miss Titcomb: A screen on all windows, so that the incoming classes will give their undivided attention to her instead of gazing at the teachers in the Daniel Webster School.
- Miss Kirby: Good wishes for a happy marriage.
- Miss Manchester: A ruler to make sure that all the shades are drawn evenly.
- Miss Birge: A staff of twelve cylinder, 1936 model reporters to furnish interesting material to print in the school news.
- Mr. Prario: A fully equipped up-to-date planetarium so that he will not have to travel to Philadelphia to gather material for his speeches in the coming years.
- Mr. Call: A heated garage to protect his car from the elements, also a tent to keep him dry while driving in inclement weather.
- Miss Moles: A streamlined, high-powered automobile to replace the "Green Streak" (Old Faithful), which has gone to its happy hunting ground.
- Miss Weeden: A round trip ticket to Louisville, Kentucky, so that she may brush up on her Southern accent.
- Mr. Poland: Nothing. But we wish to remove all chalk, pencils, and crayons from the tray near the telephone to prevent him from wasting them by marking on the board while answering the 'phone. In this way we feel sure we are doing a great service to our dear Alma Mater.
- Miss Foy: A set of rubber silencers to install on chairs so that the noisy first-lunchers will not disturb the classes which are in session.
- Miss Bearman: A model class to replace the adjustment class which she has had for many years.
- Miss Di Panfilo: Scented water so the girls will be more willing to take showers.

Mrs. Forsythe: A nice soft rug to stand on while she is watching people pass through the corridors.

Mr. Ballou: A book on the art of self defense to protect himself from gas station attendants.

Miss DeSimone: A mechanical man to answer the telephone and say "Quincy Point Junior High School."

Mrs. Berthold: Some mechanical device that will follow her around to file any papers that she makes out, also a day of twenty-eight hours.

Through consultation it has been determined that the rear right corner seat of the Science Room is the most desirable one, being most protected from Mr. Poland's eye in case a weary or famished student desires a nap or lunch. A pupil given to such late retiring and arising that his sleep is curtailed and his breakfast abolished should make strenuous efforts to secure this strategic

point, employing such tactics as will not betray his eagerness to possess it.

To the pupil in the Eighth Grade who has a strong voice, but only one note, we bequeath the honored position of being the first one to sound the key for any song about to be sung. By humming out good and loud several tones below the right tune, such a pupil will put his classmates in the proper operatic frenzy. Charles Henderson has been our valued tuner-up this year, and it is at his urgent plea that this paragraph for the guidance of his successors has been written.

Among the test-books we are leaving behind us is one priceless treasure—an old math book with most of the answers written down, and many of the problems solved. This we do solemnly charge its fortunate owner next year to handle tenderly, and not too selfishly.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1936.

Witnesses:

BETTLE, BATTLE, and BOTTLE.



**THE
ART STAFF**



**THE
DEBATING
CLUB**



THE STAGECRAFT CLUB



CLASS PROPHECY



After spending ten years in Chicago, I decided to take a trip back to Quincy to visit my classmates of 1936. I really didn't need to go that far for whom did I see coming down the aisle of the pullman toward me but Pryor Hall dressed in a conductor's suit. He talked to me for a while and then handed me a Boston paper to read. On the front page I read of the wonderful invention which could answer any questions. To my surprise I found that it had been created by Thomas Fitzgerald and Vincent Ryan. As I turned to the movie section, whose names did I see first but Betty Muir and Richard Saville? Paramount had assigned them the leading roles in a new picture. Taking a quarter of the page was a large advertisement for "The Redheads of 1956" starring Gwendolyn Wilbur. Reading further, I found that Margaret Stewart was Tirley Shemple's stand-in. As I glanced over another page, I saw an advertisement which read, "Evelyn Sweeney, Attorney-at-Law. Specialist in Breach of Promise Suits." On the same page I noticed a column headed "Lovebirds' Nest" which was written by Nicholas Montouri. There was another piece on that page advertising the Elite Beauty Shoppe, owned and operated by Josephine Panarelli and Anna Richardi. Turning to the radio page, I saw that John Myatt and John Kilrain were successful radio announcers. Our class certainly had a part in that paper.

When the train stopped at Quincy, I decided to get a bite at the "Coffee Pot" which was managed by David DeSantis and advertised Susan Scott as the main attraction.

The orchestra started to play and Catherine McDonald tap-danced. Catherine Seavo was the hostess. I asked her what had become of her school chum, Nancy Piazza. She told me that Nancy had become an English teacher. She also said there had been another uprising in Russia and that Dorothy Petzoldt had lead the riot.

As I left the "Coffee Pot" and started down Hancock Street who should brush past me but James Wright. When he recognized me he stopped to talk. He told me he was principal of a night school. He was trying to catch up with John Thomson who had

joined the school for the sake of talking to the attractive girl students. When he continued on his way, I walked on and was surprised to see all the stores and little shops owned by my friends. Across the street was a shoe shine parlor owned by Louis Simon and a cigar store operated by Americo Pica. Walking farther I saw Sherman Mowbray's shoe store and Mary McCluskey's millinery shop. I bought an "extra" which told about Wendall Regan's fall from the window of the Granite Trust Building, but with the aid of Anna Paolucci and Eva Pettinelli, his two nurses, he was recovering.

Looking into the window of an auto sales-room whom did I see but Earland Marr inducing a customer to buy one of his Plymouths. Also in the windows was a placard which read, "Vote for Paul Weston for Mayor" and "Earl Graff for Councilor of Ward 2." Coming out of the store I saw Irene Moir who, with the aid of her Scotch accent, had entered the movies. She told me that Madge Tarr had obtained success by imitating Jimmie Durante and Greta Garbo. I was overwhelmed at the success of so many of my classmates.

As I was beginning to cross the street a car drove up to the curb and to my surprise the occupants were none other than Richard Watts and Albert LeCount. They invited me to take a ride with them and see the large transport plane they piloted, but I refused, for it was getting late and I had not found a place to sleep. Albert suggested going to a small hotel which was managed by Marjorie Eng and Ray Feldman. He offered to drive me there so I got into the car and we drove off. While we were driving he told me that Helen Zablosky and Josephine Gambino were air hostesses at the East Boston Airport. We were stopped by a motoreycle cop, none other than Peter Salvaggio, who, when he recognized us, told us to keep going but to drive slowly. He told me that my old friend Sam Hassan was the Chief of Police and that Edward Sweeney, Arthur Hurley, and Alfred Pugh were also on the force. When we arrived at the hotel, I thanked Richard and Albert and walked into the hotel to register. Ray was at the desk and I stood talking to her. She told me that the

faculty of the Quiney Point Junior High included many of our classmates. She said that Marion Asnes, Helen Ricker, Helen Myatt, and Mario Ricci were all teachers. Nicholas Pepe and Emily Johnson were the gym instructors. Jean Galbraith worked in the office as clerk. Stanley Morin was the attendance officer and John Scolaro was his assistant. I started to walk up the stairs and whom did I see but Robert Grant, who was trying to sell insurance to one of the tourists. I didn't stop to talk to him for I was tired after the day's journey and decided to get a good night's sleep.

The next morning I woke up early, dressed self, and took an early train to Boston to see the "Queen Mary" dock on her final trip at the new pier built in the harbor. As the train sped along I noticed a large circus. This, I learned, was owned by Luigi Faiella and John Eramo. All over the grounds were posters advertising their famous side-show, which included David Selarenco, the clown; Fred Kittredge, the human mountain; Joseph Butt, the strong man; Josephine McLarnon, the snake charmer; and Juliet DiTullio, the fat lady. Further on there was a large billboard which advertised the pictures at the Metropolitan Theatre featuring Myer Simmons, who was portraying the part of Gabriel in Longfellow's immortal "Evangeline." From the rear of the compartment came a long and drawn-out cry, "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, candy." Coming down the aisle I saw Benedict Knasas with a mouthful of peanuts. He stopped and noticed that I had been reading the Metropolitan advertisement. He told me that quite a few of our classmates worked in the theatre, Fred McLure and Joseph Cipolla were ushers, and that Helen Gallagher and Faith Wilson played in the orchestra. In addition to the picture he said there was to be an excellent stage revue which presented a tap-dancing act by Hilda Tocchio and Loris Thompson, also Armando Luciani, the singing cowboy. Steven Calabro, the movie star, was also making a personal appearance. The stage setting was designed and painted by Frank Tocchio. When the train stopped, whom did I see working on the tracks but Ernest Blackmore and Harry Foschia. I walked into the station and to my surprise found Jessie Manson and Arlene Richards working at the soda fountain.

As I left the station I heard, "Taxi, lady?" I turned around and whom did I see but Henry Johnson driving a taxicab. He helped me into his cab and we sped away to the pier for it was about time for the "Queen Mary." When we arrived there the ship had already docked and the passengers were coming down the gangplank. On deck I spied John McLean, U. S. Consul to Japan, being interviewed by Dorothy Mullaney and Jean Doig, the two female Winchells. At the foot of the gangplank was Audrey Ash with her secretary, Gertrude Smith. Audrey had just returned from a world-wide lecture tour. Standing talking to her was Anne Paton, a stewardess on the ship. Looking upward to the second deck I saw "Jeanne Mitchelli" and "Charlo Hendersoni" who were returning from a successful operatic tour. They were talking to Jean Thomson who had just returned from the diving olympics. In a dark corner of the pier I spied Daniel Mullen, the famous "G" man, watching everyone with suspicion. Walking down the gangplank came Jean Pinel, governess to the mayor's son, with one eye on the youngster and the other on the baggage. On every billboard there were posters drawn by Dorothy Murray, advertising the new high-powered gasoline invented by Dave Simpson. A scream of laughter came from the "A" deck and who was it but Mildred Pitman, my old school chum. When she came off the boat she stood and talked to me. She told me that Phyllis Macomber and Mary Provan had taken up flying and that Hilda Brandes had made a new altitude record in her new plane which was designed by Philip Greenberg and John Denuantiss. I learned that John Lee, the new owner of the Quiney Arena, was featuring a wrestling bout that night between Robert "Butch" Mahon and Paul Slate. As I left Mildred and walked out toward the street the sound of bands and people shouting reached my ears. Walking into the streets I found that the shouts were for Charles Blanchette, the explorer, who had just returned from an exploration of the Antarctic. With him were Stewart McKay, Edward George, and Curtis. They had accompanied him on his trip. A clang of bells and the sound of screaming sirens came to my ears. Speeding down the street came William Meade. He was driving the city fire engine. Clinging to its sides were John Harratty and Joseph Holland. Arriving at the



**8th GRADE SCRAPBOOK CLUB
7th GRADE HANDICRAFT CLUB**



**7th GRADE DRAMATIC CLUB
PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB**



fire, I found Anne Moscone, a newspaper reporter, ready for her story. She told me that she had written a prize story about Mary Costello's scrapbook of prominent people. This book contained pictures of Virginia Donaher, manager of the Bell Telephone Company; Margaret Ferris, the inventor of a talking machine to save her voice; Anna Di Nardo, teacher of English in the Quincy High School; Viola Angelini, captain of the National Women's Basketball Team, which included Caroline Burkard and Evelyn Swanson, star guards; and Eleanor Di Angelo, head librarian of the Boston Public Library. Anne told me that her co-worker, Carmella Carosi, was interviewing Alsa Bourdage, the head of the Boston Art School. Louise Fair and Anita DiGravio were on the teaching staff. Leaving Anne I walked toward the town and whom did I see talking to Evelyn Mastico and Doris Moody but Milton Silver, a typical well-dressed man about town. He asked to walk uptown with me, so he ex-

cused himself and led me through the crowded streets. As we were going by a large building he told me that Mary Curry, a successful painter, had won a prize for a colorful picture of Paul Wolf. In the same building he told me that Antonio Mollica, also a very good painter, had pictures of Mary Mowbray and Janet Veno which he had painted.

Driving by us we saw Fred Soderstrom, the operator of a Greyhound Bus. He was on his way to Florida. Among his passengers were Lester Hamilton, a jockey, returning from the races at Miami; and Tony Di-Angelo, the polo player going on his vacation.

I left Milton in front of the Parisian Beauty Shoppe where I had intended to have my hair waved. As I walked in, whom did I see but Kathleen Downs and Angelina Stracco, the owners. Sitting down I was surprised to see Harriette and Yvonne Farrell, both famous elocution teachers, in one of the

booths. Besides them was Mary Fitzpatrick having her hair set with "Stay-Set Hair Wave Lotion" which was discovered by Mary Ciavardini. She told me there was to be a good show at the Galinia Theatre which was owned by Eva Gacicia and Julia Angelini. The stage show included Doris Brides, blues singer; Mary Doucette, a famous soprano; and Virginia Di Antonio, an elocutionist.

I decided to go to the theatre before I left town, so when my hair was dry I walked down the street to the Galinia. Here I found an added attraction for the day. This was Major Paul Gorachy and his amateurs which included Janet Hackett, tap dancer; Janet McKim and Marguerite Harvey, harmonizers; Amando Lucci, a popular young singer; and Americo Mariana and Walter Larson, imitators of airplane motors. I enjoyed the theatre very much and was surprised to find that I was sitting beside Orlando D'Olympio and Vito Solomini who told me they worked at the Fore River as mechanics. It looked as though 9-6 was still all together for they said that Arthur Grazioso, Carmen De Thomas, and Patsy Chella worked with them, and that the electrical department included Albert Cobb, Henry Thibodeau, and Richard Mattulina. Vito told me that they were never late for work because they were called for every day by Alec McPherson who drove a bus from Joe Maida's barber shop to the Fore River every day. They added that Ignatius Wilson and John Kay were sheet metal workers, Wilfred Dentriment and Paul Vermette were cabinet makers, and that Danny Barba and Frank Tropea were pipe fitters.

After leaving the theatre I walked along the street toward a large department store which was owned by Walter Ferguson and Vincent Cavallaro. Going into the store I found Lucille Mezzetti working in the Cosmetic Department. Also working in the store I found Carmella Iacoviello and Angelina Gramazio working in the dress department. There in the other side of the store I spied the former Eleanor Newell and Reggi Mastriani shopping for their families. I stopped to talk to them and they told me that Virginia Chaplin had a dancing class with Marjorie French and Frances Dever as her two assistants. They hired Catherine Faircloth's orchestra which included Helen Thomas and

Lena Trudelle, violinists; and Gladys Freeman at the drums. Looking at the wall I saw an advertisement for Giggles Chewing Gum, made by Annie Dan and Eva Audette. I walked to the book department to purchase a book to read on the way home. Among the best sellers I found "Boss of Bosses" by Zahia Ameen; "Why Children Should Not Play Hooky" by Bernard Stern; "The Bottom of Nowhere" by Walter Arsenault, the deep sea diver, who has made many deep sea records with the help of Alex Sibbald, his assistant; "The Art of Bowling" by Henry Chimenello; and an "Autobiography of Evelyn Laramie." Standing beside one of the book stands I noticed a very aristocratic person who turned out to be none other than Jessie Laton, who was with her secretary, Betty Knowles, standing talking to Violet Hillier. I spoke to Jessie and asked her how Marie Lane and Virginia Mezzetti were making out at their new job with the "Ruth Leonard Designing Company." She told me that they were doing very well and that Eva Pitcher and Hazel McDonald were bookkeepers there. Marjorie McNamara also worked there as a file clerk. I left the store and walked to the station.

While waiting for the train, I saw William Dorley and George Comi, managers of a successful baseball team on which were John Chisholm and Michael Cavalieri. George told me that he bought all his sport goods from Vincent DiTullio, who was building up a very good business with the help of Charles Conway, his partner. When the Quincy train was ready to leave, I excused myself and ran for the train which was beginning to pull out of the station. With the help of Armando Di Salvio, a conductor on the train, I was able to board it. When I was seated and the train was making its way over the network of tracks I was surprised to see a billboard advertising a greaseless cream made by Myrtle Fitzgerald and Phyllis Emerson. The train stopped at Quincy and I was helped off by none other than Francis Veno who told me he was a teacher of eccentric dancing. He also said that Ernest Deveau and Thomas Cormier were running a drug store.

On the way to the hotel I was stopped by Virginia Di Tocco, who had become quite famous for her caricatures, her latest being that of Dorothy Field, the roller skating

champion. I didn't stop to talk to Dorothy for I had a few post cards to mail before the post office closed. Reaching the post office I was surprised to find Charles Wrightman, Gerald Peneau, and Archie Brown working there. Archie told me that George Page and Fred Di Santis were letter carriers and that Francis Quinn was the manager of the "Quincy Patriot Ledger."

I left the post office and walked to the hotel, where, after a hearty supper, I left for the Quincy Hospital to visit Wendall. When I arrived, I saw three brisk figures dressed in starched white uniforms coming along. One was Jean Muir. She was talking to Pearl Paris and Elena Marchese. Pearl told me that Mary Puggleisi was secretary to the hospital superintendent and that Mary Ferguson, Agnes Kay, and Joan Lahey were all doing secretarial work in the hospital office. Jean conducted me to Wendall's room and I found him sitting up reading a book called "The Life of Electricity" which was writ-

ten by Philip Dwyer. He told me that he had received a letter from Murray Needel, chief engineer on the repairing of the Brooklyn Bridge. Working with him were Robert Brigham and Edmund Coyer. Murray had included in his letter that while he was working the U. S. S. Quincy which carried James Gray, Joe Goodman, and Frank Evangelistan had passed under the bridge. I stayed with Wendall a while longer and then left at the request of his nurses. Coming from one of the rooms I met Albert Mountain and Gilbert McKay, who had been visiting Joe Mahoney. Joe had been hit while driving a truck which belonged to his friend, Alvaro Mezzetti. When I finally reached the hotel and went upstairs to my bed, I was glad I had made the trip and had seen so many of my prospering classmates of 1936.

JEANNE MITCHELL,
GWENDOLYN WILBUR,
HARRY FOSCHIA.



CLASS OF 9 - 7
CLASS OF 9 - 5



CLASS OF 8 - 5
CLASS OF 9 - 8





Quincy Point Junior High School

NINTH GR

CLASS

Alfieri, Angelina, 9-5, "Angie"

Weaving Club, Slug Ball.

"Light is the task when many share the toil."

Ameen, Zahia, 9-5, "Curly"

Girls' Leaders' Club, Basketball, Traffic, Slug Ball, Home-room President.

"She has a type which is all her own."

Angelina, Viola, 9-2

Journalism, Traffic, Basketball Team, Operetta.

"She hath a merry heart."

Angelini, Julia, 9-2

Leaders' Club, Traffic, Operetta, Slug Ball, Basketball.

"Keep your rhythm in counting."

Arsenault, Walter, 9-1, "Fat"

Stagecraft Club, Basketball.

"Your presence is desired."

Ash, Audrey, 9-7, "May"

Journalism, Glee Club, Operetta, Vice-President of Home-room.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Asnes, Marion, 9-7, "Mary"

Basketball Team, Slug Ball, Leaders' Club.

"When I discard my eraser I make fewer mistakes."

Audette, Eva, 9-5, "Eve"

Knitting Club, Slug Ball, Basketball.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Barba, Daniel, 9-6, "Danny"

Hi-Y, Wrestling.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Blackmore, Ernest, 9-1

Painted Iron Novelty.

"A short hand makes fine work."

Blanchette, Charles, 9-1, "Charlie"

Block Printing Club, Library Staff.

"Day after day, day after day."

Bourdage, Alsa, 9-2, "Al"

Block Printing Club.

"Great souls suffer in silence."

Brandes, Hilda, 9-2

Knitting Club, Traffic, Slug Ball, Operetta.

"We all grow old, but who grows wise?"

Brids, Doris, 9-2, "Dot"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Traffic.

"When the stars come out."

Brigham, Robert, 9-7, "Little Kid"

Hi-Y, President of Home-room.

"Latin? — Don't bother me."

Brown, Archie, 9-1, "Shrimp"

Debating Club, President of Home-room.

"Hold the fort! I am coming"

Burkhardt, Caroline, 9-2, "Kay"

Weaving Club.

"A woman's work is never done."



PAINTED CLASS

CENSUS

Butt, Joseph, 9-7, "Joe"

Block Printing Club, Operetta, Glee Club, Executive Committee, Treasurer of 9-7.

"And (strange to tell) he practices what he preaches."

Calabro, Stephen, 9-1

Painted Iron Novelty Club.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Carosi, Carmella, 9-2, "Patsy"

Knitting Club, Operetta.

"Books shall ever be my companions."

Cavalieri, Michael, 9-2, "Micky"

Block Printing Club, Basketball Team, Football, Soccer.

"I am very slow to study."

Cavallero, Vincent, 9-2 "Dude"

Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Traffic, Operetta, Basketball.

"He conquers all, who conquers himself."

Chaplin, Virginia, 9-5, "Pearl"

Knitting Club, Slug Ball.

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

Chella, Patsy, 9-6, "Pat"

Mystery Club, Basketball.

"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams."

Cheminello, Henry, 9-2, "Chimmy"

Wanta-Read-It Club, Basketball.

"How well I feathered my nest."

Chisholm, John, 9-2, "Chis"

Painted Iron Novelty, Soccer Team, Basketball.

"I shall fly more than a mile."

Ciavardini, Mary, 9-2

Scrap Book Club, Slug Ball.

"The quality of mercy is not s'ained."

Cipolla, Joseph, 9-7, "Joe"

Block Printing Club, Glee Club Operetta.

"His speech is a burning fire."

Cobb, Albert, 9-6, "Cobby"

Student Council, First-aid chief.

"As innocent as a now laid egg."

Corni, George, 9-2, "Duke"

Leaders' Club, Basketball.

"Survival of the fittest."

Conway, Charles, 9-2

Painted Iron Novelty, Basketball.

"He did not care a button for it."

Cormier, Thomas, 9-2, "Tommy"

Engrossing, Basketball.

"The well of true wit is truth itself."

Costello, Mary, 9-2

Weaving Club, Traffic, Operetta, Slug Ball.

"I have other fish to fry."

Coyer, Edmund, 9-7, "Ed, Eddie, Eddieboy"

Student Council, Orchestra.

"Don't cross a bridge unless I build it."

- Curry, Mary, 9-7
Dramatic Club, Slug Team.
"Great souls suffer in silence."
- Dan, Anna, 9-5, "Bubbles"
Student Council, Basketball, Traffic, Slug Ball.
"Push on, — keep moving."
- De Gravio, Lillian, 9-5, "Lil"
Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Traffic,
Secretary of 9-5.
"I am saddest when I sing."
- Dennantiss, John, 9-1
Stagecraft Club.
"A silent tongue cannot err."
- D'Entremont, Wilfred, 9-6
Block Printing Club, Basketball.
"All things are possible."
- De Santis, David, 9-2, "Young De Santis"
Dramatic Club, Basketball, Football.
"Even a single hair casts a shadow."
- De Santis, Fred, 9-4
Leaders' Club, Hi-Y Club, Basketball, Vice-
President of Leaders' Club.
"Hold the fort! I am coming!"
- De Thomaso, Carmen, 9-6, "Baby Face"
Block Printing Club, Basketball.
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful
thing."
- Deveau, Ernest, 9-2, "Ernie"
Want-To-Make-It Club, Soccer, Basketball.
"You cannot put the same shoe on every
foot."
- Dever, Frances, 9-5, "Frannie"
Ninth Grade Novelty Club.
"A deep thing is a mystery."
- Di Angelo, Tony, 9-1, "Town Team"
Stagecraft Club, Basketball, Touch Football.
"I'll brag 'till I die."
- Di Angelo, Eleanor, 9-2
Knitting Club, Operetta, Glee Club.
"Right as a trivet."
- Di Antonio, Virginia, 9-2, "Ginger"
Knitting Club, Operetta, Executive Committee.
"When the stars come out."
- Di Gravio, Anita, 9-2, "Uneeda"
Dramatic Club, Traffic, Operetta, Faculty Game.
"We all boil at different degrees."
- Di Nardo, Anna, 9-2, "Ann"
Journalism Club, Traffic, Operetta, Basketball,
Slug.
"Was ever a poet so trusted before?"
- Di Olimpio, Orlando, 9-6, "Skinny"
Hi-Y.
"Oh, whistle and I'll come to ye, me lad."
- Di Salvio, Armando, 9-6, "Weeds"
Mystery Club.
"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."
- Di Tocco, Virginia, 9-5, "Vee"
Knitting Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Slug, Vice-
President of 9-5.
"There's a good time coming, girls."
- Di Tullio, Juliet, 9-2, "Julie"
Journalism, Traffic, Operetta, Basketball, Slug
Ball.
"Was ever a poet so trusted before?"
- Di Tullio, Vincent, 9-2, "Dago"
Hi-Y Club.
"Where are the Forty Thieves?"
- Doig, Jean, 9-7, "Snoop"
Reporters' Club, Club editor, Executive Com-
mittee.
"The feminine Fred Astaire."
- Donaher, Virginia, 9-2
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Library Staff.
"I bear a charmed life."
- Dorley, William, 9-2, "Bill"
Basketball, Traffic, Soccer, Journalism Club.
"If I can't pay why I can owe."
- Doucette, Mary, 9-2
Knitting Club, Slug Ball, Basketball.
"I don't care one straw."
- Downs, Kathleen, 9-7, "Kink"
Novelty Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"Silence is golden."
- Dwyer, Philip, 9-7, "Phil"
Reporters' Club.
"Oh, Fritzzy and Gray, we must hang to-
gether or else we shall hang separately."
- Emerson, Phyllis, 9-5, "Phil"
Want-To-Read-It Club, Operetta, School Basket-
ball Team.
"As clear as a whistle."
- Eng, Marjorie, 9-7, "Mickey"
Leaders' Club, Traffic, Treasurer of Leaders'
Club, Secretary of Home-room.
"The very pink of perfection."
- Eramo, John, 9-7, "Johnny"
Want-To-Make-It Club.
"While there is life, there is hope."
- Evangelista, Frank, 9-1, "Pichollo"
Stagecraft Club, Glee Club, Operetta, 9-1 Execu-
tive Officer, Vice-President of 9-1, Vice-President
of Stagecraft Club.
"His smile is a ray of sunshine."
- Faiella, Luigi, 9-7, "Choo-Choo"
Art Club, Basketball.
"When found, make a note of."
- Fair, Louise, 9-2
Stagecraft Club.
"I am the very pink of courtesy."
- Fairecloth, Catherine, 9-5, "Weenie"
Novelty Club, Secretary of Club.
"A high hope for a low heaven."
- Farrell, Harriette, 9-2
Journalism, Traffic, Library Staff.
"Oh, my head."
- Farrell, Yvonne, 9-2
Want-To-Read-It Club.
"Yes, Harriette is my sister."

- Feldman, Ray, 9-7
Treasurer of Want-To-Read-It Club, Operetta,
Library Staff, Glee Club.
"The world is a mirror that reflects what
you give it."
- Ferguson, Mary, 9-1, "Mae"
Weaving Club, Glee Club, Traffic Chief.
"Light is the task when many share the
toil."
- Ferguson, Walter, 9-2, "Fergie"
Engrossing Club, Soccer.
"A healthy hatred of scoundrels."
- Ferris, Margaret, 9-2, "Peggy"
Ninth Grade Novelty Club.
"Take your time and gain success."
- Field, Dorothy, 9-5, "Dot"
Novelty Club, Operetta.
"May fortune play upon thy prosperous
helm."
- Fitzgerald, Thomas, 9-7,
"Fitzie," "Professor"
Want-To-Read-It Club.
"Oh, Dwyer and Gray, we must hang to-
gether or we shall hang separately."
- Fitzgerald, Myrtle, 9-5, "Myrt"
Want-To-Read-It Club, Glee Club, Operetta,
Student Council Substitute.
"Necessity has no lane."
- Fitzpatrick, Mary, 9-7, "Pansy"
Dramatic Club.
"Latin, stay away from my door!"
- Foschia, Harry, 9-1, "Buster"
Student Council, Soccer.
"You must visit me at some future date."
- Freeman, Gladys, 9-5, "Glad"
Ninth Grade Novelty Club.
"Where silence was, I am."
- French, Marjorie, 9-5
Ninth Grade Novelty Club, Executive Committee,
Treasurer of Class.
"She is the very pink of perfection."
- Gacicia, Eva, 9-2
Dramatic Club, Library Staff.
"The library staff is good enough for me."
- Galbraith, Jean, 9-2
Journalism Club, Glee Club, Traffic, Operetta.
"You shall never want hope enough."
- Gallagher, Helen, 9-7, "Lady Rubinoff"
Vice-President of the Girl Leaders' Club, Cafe-
teria Staff, Operetta, Concert Mistress of Orches-
tra, Slug.
"See sharp and be natural."
- Gambino, Josephine, 9-1, "Jojo"
Leaders' Club, Executive Committee, Cheer
Leader.
"As merry as the day is long."
- George, Edward, 9-1, "Katz"
Block Printing, Traffic.
"Make hay while the sun shines."
- Goodman, Joseph, 9-7, "Yosel"
Editor-In-Chief of Journalism Club, Leaders'
Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"Hast thou seen my bicycle built for two?"
- Graff, Earl, 9-7, "Earl"
Leaders' Club, Reporters' Club.
"Let us have peace."
- Gramazio, Angelina, 9-5, "Angie"
Dramatic Club.
"Each man reaps his own farm."
- Grant, Robert, 9-3,
"Smoky," "Shakespeare"
Student Council, Wrestling.
"Gentleman of leisure."
- Gray, James, 9-7, "Gray"
Want-To-Make-It.
"Fitzzy and Dwyer, we must hang together
or else we shall hang separately."
- Grazioso, Arthur, 9-6
Hi-Y, Basketball.
"Is there anyone who will forbid?"
- Gorachy, Paul, 9-3, "Polly"
Want-To-Make-It Club.
"A moonlight traveler in fancy's land."
- Greenberg, Philip, 9-1, "Kutekka"
Want-To-Read-It Club.
"The electric chair is a shocking situation."
- Hackett, Janet, 9-3, "Jet"
President of the Painted Iron Novelty Club,
Operetta, Glee Club, Traffic.
"I have seen all but the ocean."
- Hall, Pryor, 9-4
Debaters' Club, Operetta, Basketball Team,
Leaders' Club.
"That's all, there is no more."
- Hamilton, Lester, 9-1, "Jockey"
Want-To-Read-It Club, Class Treasurer.
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful
thing."
- Hanratty, John, 9-3, "Jack"
Want-To-Make-It Club.
"Gentle shepherd, tell me where."
- Hassan, Samuel, 9-1, "Sam"
Hi-Y Club, Art Staff, Orchestra.
"Business before pleasure."
- Harvey, Marguerite, 9-3, "Peggy"
Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"Oh, sleep! Where art thou?"
- Henderson, Charles, 9-8, "Hendie"
Hi-Y, Operetta, Glee Club.
"And so I rest upon my own achievements."
- Hillier, Violet, 9-3, "Vi"
Painted Iron Novelty, Slug Ball, Traffic.
"Faster going down, please."



**CLASS OF 7 - 2
JUNIOR REPORTERS' CLUB**



**CLASS OF 7 - 1
CLASS OF 7 - 3**

Holden, Helen, 9-3

Want-To-Read-It Club, Home-room Vice-President, Basketball.

"They can, because they think they can."

Holland, Joseph, 9-3, "Joe"

Want-To-Make-It Club.

"Forget not your professional courtesy."

Hurley, Arthur, 9-3

Want-To-Make-It Club, Soccer.

"Though he comes here, it's sure his mind is elsewhere."

Iacovelli, Carmella, 9-5, "Stooge"

Ninth Grade Novelty, Basketball School Team.

"Let's forget gym today."

Johnson, Emily, 9-4, "Emma"

Painted Iron Novelty, Glee Club, Operetta, Slug Ball.

"Not a word."

Johnson, Henry, 9-3, "Buster"

Reporters' Club.

"I'll write a story, too."

Kay, Agnes, 9-1, "Kay"

Weaving Club, Traffic.

"Don't talk to me for I won't answer."

Kay, John, 9-6, "Kay"

Dramatic Club.

"Silence is golden."

Kilrain, John, 9-3, "Jack"

Want-To-Make-It Club, President of Home-room, Basketball, Soccer.

"He is of melancholy wit."

Knasas, Benedict, 9-7, "Benny"

Hi-Y Club, Leaders' Club.

"Oh sleep it is a gentle thing."

Kittredge, Fred, 9-7, "Freddy"

Operetta, Cafeteria, Glee Club, Library Staff, Leaders' Club, Stagecraft Club.

"The library fits my needs."

Knowles, Elizabeth, 9-3, "Betty"

Ninth Grade Novelty Club, Traffic Squad.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Lahey, Joan, 9-1

Weaving Club.

"She speaks as one who fed on poetry."

Laramie, Evelyn, 9-2

Knitting Club.

"I am very delicate of health."

- Lane, Marie, 9-3, "Mickey"
Junior Girls' Club.
"Always happy, never sad."
- Larsen, Warren, 9-3, "Wa"
Block Printing Club, Soccer Team, Wrestling Team.
"This is the point of my argument."
- Latou, Jessie, 9-3
Novelty Club, Slug Team, Traffic.
"She bursts her sides in laughter."
- Le Count, Albert, 9-7, "Bud"
Hi-Y, Soccer, Basketball.
"I will always be silent of nature."
- Lee, John, 9-7, "Handsome"
Operetta, Glee Club, Stagecraft.
Clothes make the man."
- Leonard, Ruth, 9-3
Dramatic Club.
"Bid me discourse and I will enchant thy ear."
- Lucci, Armando, 9-3, "Monday"
Hi-Y Club, Wrestling, Leaders' Club, Basketball Team.
"His gaunt frame is worn with toil."
- Luciani, Armando, 9-3, "Shrimp"
Block Printing Club, Art Staff.
"Enough is as good as a feast."
- MacDonald, Hazel, 9-3
Novelty Club, Slug Ball, Traffic.
"As innocent as a new laid egg."
- Macomber, Phyllis, 9-3, "Phil"
Weaving Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Tennis.
"I must go down to the seas again."
- Maida, Joe, 9-6
Hi-Y, Basketball, Wrestling, President of 9-6 Leaders' Club, President of Hi-Y.
"Make sure the candy is good."
- Mahon, Robert, 9-7, "Butch"
Debating Club.
"Oh, Juliet here I come."
- Mahoney, Joseph, 9-6, "Red"
Engrossing Club.
"Silence is golden."
- Manson, Jessie, 9-3
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Slug Ball.
"Tis well to be merry."
- Marchese, Elena, 9-7
Stagecraft Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"My name is Elinor!"
- Mariano, Americo, 9-3, "Mac"
Hi-Y Club.
"Better late than never."
- Marr, Earland, 9-3, "Earl"
Debating, Baseball, Basketball.
"What thou art, we know not."
- Mascone, Ann, 9-3, "Curly"
Ninth Grade Novelty Club, Operetta.
"Fairer than the trees."
- Mastico, Evelyn, 9-3, "Eve"
Weaving Club, Slug Ball.
"A smiling face, a soft voice."
- Mastroianni, Reggi, 9-5, "Dick"
Novelty Club.
"A hard beginning makes a good ending."
- Matulina, Richard, 9-6, "Mattie"
Farrows Drill Club.
"What loud uproar bursts from that door."
- McClure, Frederick, 9-7, "Freddy"
Journalism Club, Leaders' Club.
"Asleep in lap of legends old."
- McCluskey, Mary, 9-7, "Mac"
Secretary of Stagecraft Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"A happy rogue with a winning smile."
- McDonald, Catherine, 9-4
Block Printing Club, Operetta, Basketball, Slug.
"I'll stay awhile."
- McLarnon, Josephine, 9-7, "Jo"
Leaders' Club, Referee.
"I'll talk to you."
- McLean, John, 9-8, "Johnny"
Home-room President, Stagecraft Club President, Operetta, Assistant Manager of the Glee Club, Ninth Grade Secretary.
"I'll never give up until I am an actor."
- McKay, Gilbert, 9-6, "Bert"
Mystery Club.
"An unlucky day."
- McKay, Stewart, 9-1, "Stewey"
Want-To-Make-It Club.
"A short hand maketh fine work."
- McKim, Florence, 9-3
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Traffic.
"Hear me for I will speak."
- McKim, Jean, 9-3
Weaving Club, Traffic.
"Light is her hair, light is her voice."
- McNamara, Marjorie, 9-3, "Marge"
Girls' Novelty Club, Traffic.
"Tis well to be merry."
- McPherson, Alec, 9-6, "Mac"
Mystery Club, Soccer.
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."
- Meade, William, 9-3, "Bill"
Block Printing Club.
"His cares are now all ended, Bang!"
- Mezzetti, Lucille, 9-5, "Lou"
Junior Girls' Club, Basketball, Secretary of Club.
"Better late than never."
- Mezzetti, Virginia, 9-3, "Vee"
Novelty Club, Traffic.
"Labor itself is a pleasure."



CLASS OF 8 - 4
CLASS OF 8 - 3



CLASS OF 8 - 6
CLASS OF 8 - 1

Mezzetti, Alvaro, 9-6

Hi-Y Club, Basketball.

"I took to my heels as fast as I could."

Mitchell, Jeanne, 9-8, "Mitch"

Secretary of Student Council, Second Floor Councilor, Cafeteria, Glee Club, Operetta, Slug Ball.

"Her popularity needs no introduction."

Moir, Irene, 9-4, "Renee"

Traffic, Slug Ball, Want-To-Read-It Club.

"Ah, patience and patients are virtues."

Mollica, Antonio, 9-4, "Toodie"

Leaders' Club, Debating Club, President 9-4, President of Debating Club, Art Staff, Leaders' Club, Basketball.

"Wait 'till I get there."

Montouri, Nicolas, 9-4, "Nick"

Leaders' Club, Block Printing Club, Glee Club, Executive Committee, Secretary of Leaders' Club, Class Basketball, President of Block Printing Club.

"When a clock runs down, it stops."

Moody, Doris, 9-3, "Dot"

Painted Iron Novelty Club.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Morin, Stanley, 9-4, "Brother"

Block Printing Club.

"A jolly fellow."

Mountain, Albert, 9-6,

"Man Mountain Dean"

Hi-Y, Baseball, Basketball, Wrestling.

"Where are the Forty Thieves."

Mowbray, Mary, 9-1

Weaving Club, Traffic, Basketball.

"I'll be forward."

Mowbray, Sherman, 9-1, "Huck"

Hi-Y.

"Thou art long and lank."

Muir, Betty, 9-3, "Blackie"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Slug, Basketball.

"The ripest fruit falls first."

Muir, Jean, 9-8,

"Half-Pint," "Shrimp," "Peanut"

Leaders' Club, President of Leaders', Slug, Cafeteria, Cheer Leader, Basketball.

"Wisdom is a wonderful thing."

Mula, Virginia, 9-3, "Gegie"

Novelty Club, Executive Committee.

"A good ear for music and a taste for kindness."

- Mullaney, Dorothy, 9-8, "Dot"
Editor-In-Chief of Reporters' Club.
"In his own grease I made him fry."
- Mullen, Daniel, 9-8, "Zeke"
Debating Club, Operetta, Glee Club.
"Latin is his only joy."
- Murray, Dorothy, 9-8, "Dot"
Leaders' Club, Orchestra.
"The next day is never so good as the day before."
- Myatt, Helen, 9-8
Want-To-Read-It Club.
"I'll write you a note soon."
- Myatt, John, 9-7, "Bubba"
Student Council Member, School President, Glee Club, Operetta.
"How great is the gift of speech."
- Nardone, Rita, 9-3, "Cookie"
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Operetta.
"I bear a charmed life."
- Needel, Murray, 9-8, "Mutt"
Leaders' Club, Reporters' Club, Basketball.
"No dictation after working hours."
- Newell, Eleanor, 9-5, "Red"
Novelty Club, Girls' School Basketball.
"I must carefully consider before deciding."
- Page, George, 9-4, "Hot Shot"
Stagecraft Club, Leaders' Club, Soccer, Tag Football, Basketball, Baseball.
"Must I mingle with the learned?"
- Paolucci, Anna, 9-4, "Poop"
Scrap Book Club, Traffic, Slug Ball, Basketball.
"We learn by teaching."
- Panarelli, Josephine, 9-4
Ninth Grade Novelty Club.
"I am not dead, I shall awake."
- Paris, Pearl, 9-8
Journalism, Basketball, School Team.
"She's sweet and wise."
- Paton, Annie, 9-1, "Anne"
Knitting Club, Traffic, Slug.
"The very pink of perfection."
- Pepe, Nicholas, 9-8, "Nick"
President of the Ninth Grade, Vice-President of Student Council, President of the Boy Leaders' Club, Manager of the Glee Club, Basketball, Operetta.
"First comes Fun, last comes Latin."
- Pettinelli, Eva, 9-4
Slug Ball, Operetta, Novelty Club, Basketball.
"I cannot work without tools."
- Petzoldt, Dorothy, 9-4, "Dot"
Weaving Club, President of Weaving Club, Glee Club, Basketball, Slug Ball, Traffic, Operetta.
- Piazza, Nancy, 9-4, "Chub"
Dramatic Club, Secretary of Club, Captain of Slug Team, Basketball.
"Aim high and hit the mark."
- Pica, Americo, 9-4, "Kid Pica"
Want-To-Make-It Club.
"True it is, I have seen better days."
- Pineau, Gerald, 9-1, "Peanut"
Stagecraft Club.
"I may come tomorrow."
- Pinel, Jean, 9-8
Glee Club, Leaders' Club, Operetta, Library Staff, Cafeteria, Vice-President of Ninth Grade, Slug.
"There is more to a good book than a cover."
- Pitcher, Eva, 9-3
Dramatic Club, Traffic.
"Keep to the right and you'll never be left."
- Pitman, Mildred, 9-8, "Midge"
Journalism Club, Basketball.
"Work, work, that's all I see."
- Provan, Mary, 9-3, "Maimie"
Girl Leaders' Club, Basketball, Tennis, Traffic, Library Staff.
"I must tell you something about myself."
- Pugh, Alfred, 9-4
Woodwork.
"I always invest, never do I speculate."
- Pugliesi, Mary, 9-8, "Mary"
Reporters' Club, Slug, Glee Club, Operetta.
"I'll make it soon."
- Quinn, Francis, 9-8, "Quinnie," "Fran"
Leaders' Club, Glee Club, Hi-Y, Soccer, Operetta, Class Basketball, Tournament Basketball.
"All men have a time for labor."
- Regan, Wendell, 9-4
Dramatic Club.
"I must get a manly voice."
- Ricci, Mario, 9-4, "Two Star"
Student Council.
"I bear a charmed life."
- Richards, Arlene, 9-3, "Buddy"
Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"Where are the cities of olden times?"
- Richardi, Anna, 9-4, "Ann"
Engrossing Club, Library Staff.
"Make use of today, it will never return again."
- Ricker, Helen, 9-8, "Rickets"
Leaders' Club, Orchestra, Cheer Leader.
"A question asked is an answer gained."
- Ryan, Vincent, 9-8,
"Baron von Ryan," "Loupy"
Reporters' Club.
"Homework I will never do, but Latin maybe."

- Salvaggio, Peter, 9-8, "Pete"
Art Club, Glee Club, Leaders' Club, Operetta.
"Blushing is the color of virtue."
- Saville, Richard, 9-4, "Dick"
Reporters' Club, Vice-President of Home-room.
"All things are possible."
- Seavo, Catherine, 9-4, "Kibby"
Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"I still have another fish to fry."
- Selarenco, David, 9-8, "Doodie"
Drill Club.
"I would rather laugh or grin than work."
- Scolaro, John, 9-8, "Peanuts"
Leaders' Club, Dramatic Club.
"When I enter Room 17, oh, my!"
- Scott, Susan, 9-4, "Scotty"
Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Slug, Basketball, Operetta, President of Dramatic Club.
"Make no fancy cut outs."
- Sibbald, Alec, 9-1, "Sandy"
Painted Iron Novelty, Basketball, Soccer.
"A penny for your thoughts."
- Silver, Milton, 9-1
Hi-Y, Football.
"Gentle to hear but not so gentle to have sit on you."
- Simmons, Myer, 9-8, "Mike"
Stagecraft, Operetta.
"Oh, for a day of rest."
- Simon, Louis, 9-4, "Labina"
Leaders' Club, Want-To-Make-It Club, Basketball, Soccer, and Baseball.
"Force is no remedy."
- Simpson, David, 9-8, "Dave"
Art Club, Leaders' Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"No man is happy when he does not think himself so."
- Slate, Paul, 9-8, "Pickie"
Reporters' Club.
"Many smalls make a great."
- Smith, Curtis, 9-1, "Curt"
Library Staff, Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"Oh, wait for me."
- Smith, Gertrude, 9-8, "Trudy"
Reporters' Club, Operetta, Glee Club, Basketball.
"A woman's work is never done."
- Soderstrom, Fred, 9-1, "Sody"
Dramatic Club, Soccer.
"Necessity knows no law but to conquer."
- Solimini, Vito, 9-6, "Salarmy"
Hi-Y Club.
"Off with his head."
- Steir, Thelma, 9-4, "Temie"
Journalism Club, Library Staff, President of Library Staff, Glee Club, Operetta.
"In her laugh is the law of kindness."
- Stern, Bernard, 9-1, "Boony"
Hi-Y Club.
"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."
- Stewart, Margaret, 9-4
Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"You'll not hear from me."
- Stracco, Angelina, 9-1, "Angie"
Weaving Club.
"A silent tongue and a working mind."
- Swanson, Evelyn, 9-4, "Swandraws"
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Slug, Traffic, Basketball, Tennis, Baseball.
"Miracles happen, take a look at me."
- Sweeney, Eddie, 9-1, "Senator Huey Long"
Want-To-Make-It Club, Class 9-1 Secretary.
"Oh, my appendix."
- Sweeney, Evelyn, 9-4, "Eve"
Engrossing Club, Traffic, Secretary of Home-room, Slug, Basketball.
"Where there's life, there's hope."
- Tarr, Madge, 9-4, "Meg"
Journalism Club, Slug, Basketball, Traffic.
"Call me Meg."
- Thibodeau, Henry, 9-6
Block Printing Club.
"I cannot work without my tools."
- Thomas, Helen, 9-5, "Mary"
Weaving Club, Slug Ball.
"A sealed eye cannot see."
- Thomson, Jean, 9-8, "Mazie"
Journalism Club, Operetta, Glee Club, Basketball, Slug Ball, Tennis.
"Love and Beauty is a beautiful thing."
- Thomson, John, 9-4, "Jackie"
Want-To-Make-It Club.
"I'll be President yet, and won't you be surprised."
- Thomson, Loris, 9-4, "Tommy"
Novelty Club, Treasurer of Home-room, Slug.
"Popularity needs no introduction."
- Tocchio, Hilda, 9-4, "Russian"
Leaders' Club, Operetta, Traffic, Slug, Basketball, Library Staff.
"How sweet it is to be popular."
- Tocchio, Frankie, 9-4, "Tocci"
Block Printing, Basketball, Leaders' Club, Art Staff, Vice-President of Club.
"A man without a tear."



CLASS OF 9 - 1
CLASS OF 9 - 2

LIBRARY STAFF
CLASS OF 9 - 4

Tropea, Frank, 9-6, "Slugger"

Baseball, Hi-Y.

"A deep thing is a mystery."

Trudelle, Lena, 9-5

Novelty Club.

"A woman's work is never done."

Veno, Francis, 9-2

Block Printing Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Basketball.

"Not lost but gone before."

Veno, Janet, 9-1

Weavt Club, Traffic.

"Let it serve for table talk."

Vermette, Paul, 9-6

Printing Club, Wrestling, Basketball, Soccer.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Watts, Richard, 9-8, "Dick"

Art Club.

"Latin Test! Here I come!"

Weston, Paul, 9-8, "Butch"

Reporters' Club.

"I'll take my time."

Wilbur, Gwendolyn, 9-4, "Gwen"

Reporters' Club, Slug, Basketball, Treasurer of Club.

"We are swimming 'round the circle."

Wilson, Faith, 9-4

Reporters' Club.

"Homework is nothing to me."

Wilson, Ignatius, 9-6

Hi-Y, Wrestling.

"The electric chair is a shocking situation."

Wolf, Paul, 9-8

Reporters' Club, Vice-President of 9-8, Basketball.

"Mary, where art thou?"

Wright, James, 9-4, "Jimmie"

Want-To-Make-It Club.

"Let us fly and save our bacon."

Wrightman, Charles, 9-1

"Like Gulliver, he is a great traveler."

Zablosky, Helen, 9-4, "Pimp"

Want-To-Read-It Club, Library Staff, President of Club, Vice-President of Club, Vice-President of Library Staff, Executive Club, Slug.

"I shall never fail."



POETRY CORNER



AND IT RAINED

Bright rays of sunshine flood the earth,
Where people are happy and full of mirth;
But suddenly the lightning flashes,
Thunder roars and a bridge crashes.
"The bridge is down! The bridge is down!"
The news comes flashing through the town.
And naught is there for men to do,
But call for help and form a crew.
Night and day the workers toil
While all the town is in turmoil.
Lives are saved, and buildings, too
By the loyal, faithful crew.
After all is in repair
The rejoicing people chant a prayer,
Back to their routines they go,
With luck to crew and all below.

Josephine Gambino, 9-1.

SHOPPING

There is a season comes each year,
That is to every child most dear,
It is a time of toys and drums,
And watching when the postman comes
A time of shopping, what a lark!
A million cars, no place to park.
Santa Clauses fat and jolly
Stand in stores all wreathed with holly.
Everywhere there's such a bustle
People surely have to hustle.
Loaded shoppers homeward turning
See in windows, candles burning.
Tying gifts with thoughts of others —
Uncles, aunts, and dear grandmothers,
The best of joys that Christmas brings
Is sending others lots of things.

Audrey Ash, 9-7.

SPORTSMANSHIP

Down the ice they whiz and fly,
None of them are very shy,
For on the ice they're the toughest gang
That any foe would care to hang.
The forward starts with the defense,
And then e'er long the fight will commence,
For each is friends, but on the ice
They've all forgotten how to be nice.
The whistle blows, to the box he goes
To watch the rest of the show.
There he mutters, his temper soaring high,
"Just wait till I get that guy."
The final gong — the game is done
Both teams exclaim they should have won,
But arm in arm they wander off,
They've all forgotten how to scoff.
The game is o'er but the team will fight on —
Fight until the final gong.
For each team loves the well known sport,
It is a task to hold the fort.

Helen Gallagher, 9-7.

THE DAY THAT PASSES BY

When twilight melts into the night
And the work of man is done,
I often stop and wonder
If that day is really gone.
I often have a memory
That lurks within my brain.
Till many days have been passed by
And many come again.
It may have been a fleeting smile
From one I truly love.
It may have been a grateful child
Or the cooing of a thankful dove.
Whatever it was that happened
I'm sure that every day
Leaves something in one's mind or heart
To remember it by alway.

Helen Ricker, 9-8.

SPRING

How glad I am that spring is here,
For gardens to my heart are dear.
I have some seeds I want to sow,
And gayly watch the flowers grow.

Joan Lahey, 9-1.

QUINCY POINT

Quincy Point is the School
Which helps you every day.
If you can't keep the rules,
You had better stay away.
When walking in and out of school,
Be sure you don't talk back
Because you should apply the rule
"Never to get slack."
When you hear someone say,
"Single file, all the way,"
Step in line with a smile
And happy you'll be all the while.
Quincy Point is the School
Which is helpful, and well known, too.
If you do as you are told,
You will never be too bold.

Catherine Scavo, 9-4.

FRIENDSHIP

It's all a part of living
To join in Christmas cheer,
And do your share of giving, —
'Tis only once a year.
If you're unable to give your friends
Money and gifts galore,
Why not give them something
That they'd enjoy much more.
Give them kindness — friendship:
They'll want it more, you'll see.
If you will be to them a friend,
Then they'll be true to thee.

Myer Simmons, 9-8.

THE SCHOOL ROOM CLOCK

A nodding head was drooping low
 'Twas almost time to homeward go.

"Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,"

Drowsily spoke the classroom clock.
 "Near half the hour 'twixt two and three,
 Pupils expect too much of me.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

It's most enough to stop this clock.
 "Recorder of the passing hour,
 To speed the time's not in my pow'r.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

When watches go, they're put in hock.
 "Each morn I greet you with the sun.
 Your home assignment still undone?

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

Examples tricky, how they mock.
 "Don't glare at me a look of hate
 If you perchance should come in late.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

What brings you here near nine o'clock?
 "You play on a harmonica
 Or something in an orchestra.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

The hall of fame you yet may rock.
 "Study period is a flurry,
 Studies finished in a hurry.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

The answers given choc-a-bloc.
 "The puzzled heads go in a huddle
 Algebra and Latin, such a muddle.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

The might of minds will doors unlock.
 "If A equals two, then Y equals three
 It's X you want, beware of D.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

Those D's give me an awful shock.
 "Too bad if you have lost your zest,
 Next period comes a Latin test.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

The teacher sometime must take stock.
 "The Science class oft worries me
 They study electricity,

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

I hope they never get a shock.
 "Behind my hands I hide my face,
 Note passing still is in disgrace

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

One bird that flies not in a flock.
 "My views are stated now, kind sir,
 In Iambic Tetrameter.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

The time has come the doors to lock."

Audrey Ash, 9-7.

BOOKS

I know that I've many friends,
 Some are small, some are tall,
 But I think that my good books
 Are the very best of all.

Jean Muir, 9-8.

TEACHER VS. REPORTER

A teacher I was going to be
 Until a reporter I did see,
 Now I wouldn't teach the golden rule
 For anyone in a primary school.
 A's, B's, C's, D's, or even E's they write
 Teachers who are oh, so very bright,
 But little tots who come to school
 Think not always by this rule.
 A reporter's work is new day by day
 And then she doesn't always have to say,
 "Do right girly, or a D, you will see,
 On your report card it will be."
 A reporter's work is the life for me
 'Cause a teacher I could never be,
 A teacher must write A's to E's,
 But a reporter types with much more ease.

Jean Doig, 9-7.

TREASURE ISLAND

To Treasure Island sailed Jim one day;
 He did not expect a very long stay,
 But the pirates were out for what they could get,
 And if Jim hadn't listened they would be there yet.
 John Silver was leader of the pirates so bold;
 He wanted the treasure and he wanted gold.
 He planned to raid and he planned to fight
 And decided to do it on a very dark night.
 Ben Gunn was a sailor whom Flint had marooned.
 He would soon have died for want of food.
 He promised to help fight the pirate mob,
 If the squire would give him food and a job.
 The pirates were defeated and Silver was chained
 Until the shores of England were gained.
 However, one night he oddly disappeared,
 And no one yet has the mystery cleared.

Jean Galbraith, 9-2.

MY KINGDOM FOR A FLIVVER

I'd love to own a flivver,
 Any old and rusty can,
 It'd serve to do my purpose,
 Well, at least till I'm a man.
 I'd paint it in various hues
 And let the colors run.
 I'd let the gang — they'd all pile in
 And we'd have lots of fun.
 I don't want a Packard,
 That's not the car for me,
 I'll be content with an old Ford,
 Just any old model T.
 I'd not care if the lights didn't work
 And the gears weren't up to par,
 For all I want in all this world
 Is an old and battered car.

John McLean, 9-8

AUTUMN

The autumn leaves are falling
 Their color is bright as gold,
 The south is gaily calling
 To those who fear the cold.
 Benedict Knasas, 9-7.

MEETING BEN GUNN

More swift and agile of any man was he,
That creature of total mystery.
He approached me wondering why I was here,
And came close to me — so very near
That I could plainly see his worried features,
Which were more of man's than any other crea-
tures.

His skin was mostly burned by the sun,
Clothes — it seemed to me he had none,
His eyes were blue, large, and fair
Which did continually at me stare
I assumed that he really was a white man,
Although he did have a very dark tan.
We looked at each other and finally I spoke,
"Who are you?" and, "Have you no folk?
How came you here?" and, "What is your name?
Why, you ought to be a man of fame.
Come, my good man, from here let us fade —
Ah! I know what — we'll go to the stockade."

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," says he.
"I live amongst the trees you see.
I was marooned on this isle, three years ago
By no lovers of the notorious Capt. Flint—my foe."
He suddenly asked me, "Have you any cheese?"
I answered, "No," and my cheeks he would
squeeze.

I told him my story; he told me his.
When I finally left he said, "You, boy, I'll miss."
I went to the Doctor and my story did tell,
On him and the others bewilderment fell.
I later retired and to my delight,
I dreamed that we'd won the fight.

Antonio Mollica, 9-4.

A DILEMMA

I am sitting before the fireside,
And thinking, with all might,
Trying as hard as I can,
To think of something to write.
It must be in by tomorrow,
Or the teacher will mark me off,
Maybe I could be sick,
And have a cold or a cough.
I might write about a babbling brook
Or a daisy, I suppose,
Or maybe a poem about our cook,
(It's much easier to write prose).
I love to write when I'm sitting alone,
About a humble place called home,
Is there any place to me so dear,
As our home so full of cheer.
When our daily work is done,
Home is where we plod or run.
Sorrows seem to fade away,
When at home we go to stay.

Richard Watts, 9-8.

DREAM ELVES

They dance upon my bedspread,
They travel o'er my wall.
But when I step from out my bed,
My elves aren't there at all.

Jeanne Mitchell, 9-8.

MY NIECE

I've seen many baby girls,
Girls with dark eyes and bright curls,
But never have I seen a child,
A child so tender and so mild,
One so precious as a pearl
As my sister's baby girl.
This lovely person is my niece,
One who gives me rest and peace
By only just a little glance
At her little feet that love to dance.
Her teeth, her eyes, her face so white,
With rosy cheeks and curls so bright,
Makes me love her with all my heart,
And never with her want to part.
But loveliness isn't all she's got,
Of kindness and sweetness she has a lot
And this child who brings me peace
Is my darling little niece.

Marion Asnes, 9-7.

THE TOAD

Under a tree at the turn of the road,
Sat a weary and wise old toad.
He was fifty years old, though he looked twenty-two
Yet he'd make some fish a very nice stew.
In the winter he lived in a home 'neath the ice,
Where the mud was so gluey, so sticky and nice;
While in the summer he lived on a big lily pad,
Where he used to catch flies with his mother and
dad.

Although he had watched most of the world sail by,
He still was as young, and as gay, and as spry;
Many people have told me he was very bold,
I'll bet many stories he could have retold.
One day he decided that he'd take a rest,
And the best place he knew was away out west.
So he packed his bag and started out,
Never to be bothered by the bass and the trout.
As he was walking along a wide road,
A car whizzed over this wise old toad.
Now he'll never catch flies on that big lily pad
Oh, gosh! what made me pick a subject so sad?

Dave Simpson, 9-8.

THE NIGHT AIRMAIL

The appearance of a streak of light,
The sound of a rhythmic hum
That's borne on the winds of night,
Tell us the night mail's come.
Streaking across the heaven's dark blue
On time to the very dot,
Drones the mighty plane, with crew
Flying to a distant spot.
With mighty noise, twin motors roar,
And the exhausts grow bright red hot
While bladed props through night winds bore,
As the plane becomes a small dot.
Swiftly she flies into the night,
Her messages to carry on,
Swiftly she goes from sight,
And the night airmail has gone.

Thomas E. Fitzgerald, 9-7.

PIRATES' FATE

Away we go after yellow gold,
 To sail with our crew, both brave and bold
 To raid the ships and torture the souls
 Of those who transport the yellow gold.
 Flying the flag with cross bones old,
 Chasing a ship that is slow and old.
 We pull to starboard and fire a shot,
 Her guns are magic from where they pop.
 We're trapped! for her guns have blown away
 Our masts, our hull, and few men to stay.
 Our ship starts a-rolling in the brink,
 And then we pirates do sink and sink.
 The ship stops her rolling in the brink,
 And then, as we did, begins to sink.
 So now you have heard of the pirates' fate,
 So think it o'er before it is too late.

Harry Foschia, 9-1.

FRIENDS

How good to lie a little while
 And look up through the trees
 The sky is like a kind big smile
 Bent sweetly over me.
 The sunshine flickers through the lace
 Of leaves above my head,
 And kisses me upon the face
 Like a mother before she puts her babe to bed.
 The wind comes stealing o'er the grass
 To whisper pretty things,
 And though I cannot see him pass
 I feel his careful wings.
 So many gentle friends are near
 Whom I can scarcely see,
 A child should never feel a fear
 Wherever he may be.

John Myatt, 9-7.

BEAUTY OF STARS

Strolling homeward one starry night,
 I gazed above on a wondrous sight,
 Little twinkling lanterns met my eye
 From their home in the dark sea on high.
 The little lanterns twinkling so very bright,
 Formed quaint pictures upon the background of
 night.
 Pegasus, Andromeda and the Sisters all Seven
 Are some that make up the stars of heaven.
 A white mist across the heaven we love
 Forms a beautiful patch to heaven above,
 Made up of millions of stars we are told
 Is a truly beautiful sight to behold.

Marjorie Eng, 9-7.

CHRISTMAS TIME

These drowsy-eyed youngsters with tousled hair
 Stole their way along the stair
 For 'twas the memorable day of the year,
 'Twas Christmas with all its holly and cheer.
 Around the Christmas tree were scattered
 Toys that later would be shattered.
 The children whooped and shouted for joy
 For the presents pleased both girl and boy.
 These same youngsters with weary air
 Found their way along the stair,
 With pleasant thoughts for the year
 Said good-bye to Christmas cheer.

Mary Curry, 9-7

DREAMING

The wind was sighing softly
 In the tall pine trees,
 I was sitting on the wooded shore
 My arms around my knees.
 My friends were snoring softly
 In their beds among the spruce
 We were resting from a long day's hike
 For we had been hunting moose.
 As I was saying once before,
 I had my arms around my knees,
 And I was thinking peaceful thoughts
 As I smelled the sweet night breeze.
 I thought of my mother and father
 In their safe city home;
 I almost thought I envied them
 As I wandered far to roam.
 It is a lonely feeling
 I have when alone in the wood,
 I think that I am very small
 Compared to the brave and good.
 I listen to the water
 That is lapping on the shore
 It must be a very tiresome life
 To just keep lapping evermore.
 I have no intentions
 Of doing the same thing till I die;
 I'd like to do some better things,
 I really hope to bye and bye.
 And when I'm rich and famous,
 I will think of my friends who snore
 Beside the lapping water
 And the pine trees on the shore.

Helen Ricker, 9-8.

MAJOR BOWES

Major Bowes is a grand old guy
 Bringing joy to you and I,
 Whenever you're feeling cross or blue,
 Rely on him to bring cheer to you.
 Every Sunday night at eight
 Tune in and hear a song,
 Make sure and not tune in too late
 To hear the Major ring that gong.

Helen Myatt, 9-8.

FAREWELL TO QUINCY POINT

We now have reached a crossroad,
 A turning point in life.
 We know not what's before us
 In the stress of daily strife.
 The roads we take will vary,
 And may keep us far apart,
 But Quincy Point will always be
 A memory in each heart.
 And as we travel o'er life's road
 With many a rough detour,
 A lesson learned, a friendship formed
 Back in the days of yore,
 'Twill help us all to "carry on,"
 And keep our standards true,
 And much of our happiness we will owe
 Dear Quincy Point, to you.

Paul Wolf, 9-8.

THE BLIND MAN PEW

The blind man Pew was a pirate bold,
 As the author of this story told,
 Tapping his stick along the road,
 They say he was as ugly as an old hop toad.
 He was ugly and dirty as dirty could be,
 He wore a green blind o'er eyes that couldn't see.

He clutched Jim's hand in a grip like a vice,
 Even though Jim had answered him nice.
 "Now bring me to Bill or I'll break our arm!"
 Jim would have liked to have cried out in alarm.
 The captain sat with cutlass in hand,
 His thoughts you see were far from land.

Pew passed him something very small,
 Which brought about the captain's downfall.
 And then skipped out so easily
 That you would swear that he could see.
 The Black Spot read, "You have 'til ten o'clock."
 The Captain fell dead just like a rock.

Now to find the key that fits the lock,
 Every sound scared them, even the clock,
 Mrs. Hawkins began to count the score
 When down the road came Pew tap-tap,
 Jim grabbed a bag for want of more
 And then they ran, not to be caught in the trap.

The Pirates wrecked the house to find the map
 While young Jim held it on his lap;
 Pew cursed them for a pack of fools
 And cursed the day he lost his tools.
 Then came a whistle, a pistol shot,
 Dirk's warning! It scared the lot.

Pew ran here and there;
 He knew not where,
 He fell beneath the horses' feet
 With one last frightened bleat,
 That was the end of the Blind Man Pew.
 And now I'll close to try something new.

Henry Johnson, 9-3.

AGE IN CHINA

Our younger days were full of joy,
 Together we did play
 Upon the banks of our San Toy
 On every sunny day.
 The Chinese ladies on us smiled,
 And we in turn replied,
 So many days of carefree joy
 Together we have whiled.
 But now comes time,
 He's creeping up
 And we're no longer young
 Of youths unnecessary carelessness
 We will no longer sup.

Anna B. Nardo, 9-2.

THE HISPANIOLA

The Hispaniola sailed the seas
 And knew of many tragedies.
 She sailed from Bristol one fine day
 And for Treasure Isle made her way.
 Captain Smollett was in charge
 Until the crew became too large.
 The crew were pirates mean and bold,
 Their thoughts were only for the gold.
 There were five honest men on board.
 Mutiny they could not afford.
 When they reached their destination,
 The gold to them meant consolation.
 The rest of the story is of struggle and strife,
 A fight for the gold and a fight for their life.
 Old Ben Gunn shared the hidden treasure,
 And the honest men were paid in good measure.

Marjorie French, 9-5.

EAST AND WEST

The east is the east
 And the west is the west,
 Where many a heart may roam,
 Take your choice of the best
 And call it home sweet home.
 Give me the west,
 Where the moon hangs low,
 And stars come peeping very slow,
 There my heart will always rest,
 For that's the place I love best.

Mary Margiotii, 8-4.

A WISH

I wish I were a Robin
 To fly among the trees
 With my little throat a throbbin'
 To the whistling of the breeze.

Annie Paton, 9-1.

CARRYING ON

It has often been said that a school is represented by the quality of its pupils and graduates. This is true of Quincy Point Junior High in that we are represented in High School by many bright and intelligent pupils. The winners of the high school contest in the "Boston Herald" Spelling Bee from Quincy, were all from Quincy Point. The winners were, in the tenth grade: Louis Moscadelli; in eleventh grade: Roberta McKean; and in the twelfth grade, Mary Lat-ham.

Audrey Ash, 9-7.



ATHLETICS



SOCCER

This year's soccer team, under the able direction of Mr. Farrell, had a short but successful season. The team played two games: one against Alumni and one against Central, winning both by scores of 3-1 and 1-0.

Point soccer teams have a record of which to be proud. They haven't lost a game in nine years.

Walter Latham, 8-1.

QUINCY-BROCKTON GAME

On Saturday, November 24, 1935, another vigorous game was held at the Keith Memorial Field in Brockton.

Quincy had a star player who made the only touchdown and the other super plays. He was Mike Franchuk, a former pupil of Quincy Point Junior High.

Brockton, having a stronger team, won the game. The score was 20-6.

Joseph Goodman, 9-7.

POINT-CENTRAL GAME

The Point Girls' Slug Team went to Central to play the championship game. The teams playing were 9-4 of Point and 9L-1 of Central.

The Captain of Point's Team was Nancy Piazza, and the Captain of Central's, Eleanor Tioister. Point defeated Central 178 to 32.

We returned home both tired and happy.

Madge Tarr, 9-4.

SCHOOL BASKETBALL

With the coming of winter and the basketball season, the class games were played in our gymnasium. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday after the class games, all boys wishing to form a school team practiced. The selections for the team were: F. DeSantis, A. Mountain, G. Page, A. Grazioso, N. Pepe, G. Comi, V. Cavallari.

Point played eight games, losing only two. South, North, and Trade School were defeated twice each. Point lost to the Alumni twice.

William Cohen, 8-1.

CLASS BASKETBALL

The class basketball games started this year with Mr. Prario tossing out the first ball. There were three eighth grade games: 8-1 vs. 8-4; 8-3 vs. 8-6; 8-2 vs. 8-5. The victors were 8-4 by a score of 14-11; 8-5 by a score of 40-0; and 8-6 by a score of 21-11.

William Cohen, 8-1.

THE FACULTY GAME

On Tuesday, March 10, 1936, the Faculty Game was played. The women teachers were first and the men followed. The women and girl players were as follows:

Mary Mowbray.....R.F.....	Miss Winer
Agnes Kay.....L.F.....	Miss Moles
Helen Holden.....C.....	Nicholas Pepe
Betty Muir.....R.G.....	John McLean
Gwendolyn Wilbur..L.G.....	Miss Walton
Pearl Paris.....S.C.....	Miss DeSimone

The game was very interesting and exciting. John McLean and Nicholas Pepe entertained us during the first two quarters. Our school orchestra also furnished entertainment. The game ended with a score of Faculty 16, Girls 26.

Madge Tarr, 9-4.

MEN'S GAME

One of the most exciting events of our school year took place when the school basketball team played the Faculty. The lineup was as follows:

MEN	BOYS
Mr. Evens.....G....	Arthur Grazioso
Mr. Polland.....G....	Fred Di Santis
Mr. Call.....C....	George Comi
Mr. Prario.....R.F....	Murray Needel
Mr. Meaney.....L.F....	Jack Pettinelli (sub)
Mr. Rilovich.....G....	George Page
	... Nick Pepe

In the struggle for victory, the Faculty won with a score of 26 to 16. The admission was five cents. The proceeds of the game were given to the athletic fund.

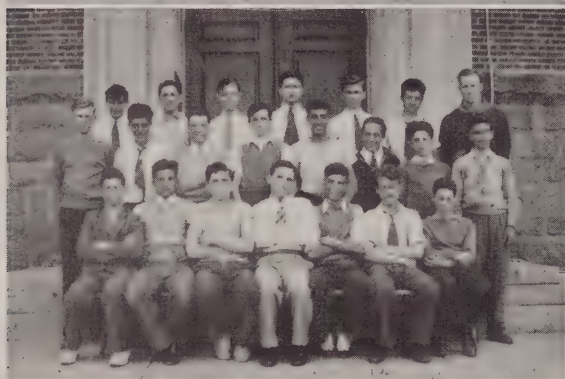
Joseph Goodman, 9-7.



GIRLS' LEADER'S CLUB
BOYS' LEADER'S CLUB



THE STUDENT COUNCIL
THE BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TOURNAMENT

At the end of the basketball season, the Junior High Tournament was held at the Senior High. The purpose of this tournament was to show Coach LeCain what material he would receive from the Junior Highs.

The victors in the ninth grade were the "Walton Pips," a team from Point, led by Fred De Santis.

In the eighth grade, South was victorious; but only after a hard fought game. There were no teams entered from the seventh grade.

William Cohen, 8-1.

CLASS BASEBALL

The class baseball teams had a very successful season this year. In the eighth grade, 8-6 came out on top by defeating 8-4, seven to six in a game that was well played throughout.

William Cohen, 8-1.

POINT-SOUTH GAME

South met Point at Quincy Point Junior High School. The line-up was as follows:

POINT		SOUTH	
1st Team		1st Team	
G. Page	R.F.	A. Machie	
E. Pettinelli	L.F.	Amoila	
A. Mountain	C.	Johnson	
F. Di Santis	R.G.	R. Krusser	
A. Grazioso	L.G.	Peoni	
2nd Team		2nd Team	
J. Naida	R.F.	Peruzzi	
M. Needel	L.F.	Santisnia	
T. Di Angelo	C.	Raffo	
P. Hall	R.G.	Celletti	
H. Miller	L.G.	Nicholson	

The captains of both Point and South had something to be proud of in their teams. The game was very exciting and interesting. The game was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

The final score was as follows:

1st Team	2nd Team
Point, 37--South, 12	Point, 27--South, 25
	Madge Tarr, 9-4.

HONOR ROLL

GRADE 9

High Honors

Ash, Audrey**	McCluskey, Mary*
Apilla, Joseph	Mitchell, Jean*
Butt, Joseph**	Mollica, Antonio
Doig, Jean	Muir, Jean**
Fitzgerald, Thomas*	

Honors

Angelini, Julia	Hillier, Violet**
Asnes, Marion*	Johnson, Emily*
Brandes, Hilda	Latou, Jessie*
Brigham, Robert*	Le Count, Albert**
Chisolm, John	Macomber, Phyllis**
Conway, Charles*	Marr, Earland*
Doig, Jean	McCluskey, Mary
Downs, Kathleen	McDonald, Catherine
Eng, Marjorie**	Mollica, Antonio*
Eramo, John*	Moscone, Ann*
Feldman, Ray*	Needel, Murray*
Foschia, Harry**	Pepe, Nicholas*
Galbraith, Jean**	Pinel, Jean
Gambino, Josephine*	Provan, Mary
Gorachy, Paul	Ryan, Vincent
Grant, Robert	Thomson, Jean
Harvey, Marguerite*	Tocchio, Frank*
Hassan, Sam*	

GRADE 8

High Honors

McLean, Dorothy	Wolf, Irma
Pasqualone, Dante*	

Honors

Alfiere, Frances	Latou, Flora*
Brandt, Virginia	Le Count, Anna*
Cashook, Lena*	Levine, Milton*
Childs, Harano	McLean, Dorothy*
Cohen, William**	Murray, Phyllis*
Della Barba, Arthur	Norling, Marion**
De Pesa, Alice*	Packard, Anthony*
Di Mascio, Ilda	Parker, Fred**
Di Nardo, Yolanda	Pasqualone, Dante
Di Tullis, Delia	Pompeo, Rita
Forsythe, Patricia*	Preston, Doris
Gabral, Rose*	Rowell, Edith
George, Madeline	Shulman, Shirley**
Hajjar, Julia**	Smith, Dorothy**
Haslett, James	Sprague, Richard**
Hokanson, Wolcott	Todd, Elizabeth**
Johnson, Edward	Wolf, Irma*
Jones, Warren	Zaverson, Joseph*
Latham, Walter**	

GRADE 7

High Honors

Cutler, Lael	Sternberg, Mona*
Kay, Margaret*	Thornberg, Thyra
Hajjar, Mabel**	Stoler, Norma**
Sternberg, Claire	Whiting, Hope**

Honors

Albertini, Lillian*	Di Rado, Albert	Hodgkins, George**	Pinel, Leigh
Arseneault, Laverna	Farrell, Walter	Kay, Margaret*	Ranieri, Bernard*
Avery, Walter	Francis, Jesse**	Lampley, Helen**	Ranieri, Bernard*
Barry, Kathleen*	Glynn, John**	McDermott, Dorothea**	Shaw, Elaine**
Brandes, Anne	Golosov, Lillian*	Milne, James*	Sinclair, Dorothy
Cavallieri, Lena*	Goodhue, Irene	Morgan, Gloria*	Sternberg, Claire*
Collela, Viola	Gould, Lillian	Nord, Barbara*	Sternberg, Mona
Conroy, Margaret*	Grazioso, Thomas	Oliverio, Mary	Sullivan, Mary*
Cutler, Lael*	Hartrey, Daniel	Pahud, George	Thornberg, Thyra*
De Meo, Eleanor*	Hindmarsh, Phyllis*	Paige, Helen*	

*Additional Terms



HALL OF FAME



CLASS SUPERLATIVES

Most Popular	Jeanne Mitchell	Nicholas Pepe	Most Popular with the Girls	Jeanne Mitchell	John Myatt
Most Intellectual	Jean Muir	Antonio Mollica	Most Popular with the Boys	Jeanne Mitchell	Nicholas Pepe
Most Serious	Jean Muir	Albert Le Count	Best All Round Sport	Betty Muir	Fred Di Santis
Most Carefree	Janet Hackett	Henry Johnson	Best Dressed	Jeanne Mitchell	John Lee
Most Versatile	Mary Mowbray	John McLean			

WHO'S WHO

Class Grind	Audrey Ash	Thomas Fitzgerald	Class Boy Hater	Susan Scott
Class Athlete	Mary Mowbray	Fred Di Santis	Class Brute	George Comi
Class Musician	Helen Gallagher	Charles Henderson	Class Heart Throb	Dorothy Mullaney
Class Baby	Jean Doig	David Selareneo	Class Actor	Jean Thomson
Class Talkie	Josephine McLarnon	Murray Needel	Class Artist	Alsa Bourdage
Class Pest	Harriet Farrell	Alfred Pugh	Class Person of Leisure	Janet Hackett
Class Girl Hater	Nicolas Montuori			Henry Johnson



WITH THE GREAT



(Interview with the President of the
Ninth Grade Class)

"I've heard that you have to interview me," said Nick, with an inviting smile, during study period one day. "What am I supposed to do, answer questions about my past, present and future? I can assure you I haven't an evil past."

"Nothing like that," I answered. "We just want to know a few things about you. Suppose you start from the beginning and work up to the present time."

"Well, I haven't a very interesting story to tell. My name is Nicholas Pepe. I was born in Quincy, July 8, 1921. I am of Italian

descent. My father was born in Italy, and my mother in Minnesota. I am the youngest in the family. I can't remember much about my tender years, but I recall that my pet cat, 'Scummy,' had to be shot because of a broken leg. Boy, did I cry that day!" At this he laughed heartily.

"But to go on with my story, I like sports very much, as you know, and I take part in all school activities. But I don't like dancing. I hate it."

"Why?" asked I.

"It may be nice for some people, but I just don't go for it that's all. Of course I like to have a good time, though; and I like to

have a lot of neckties to choose from. Veal cutlet is my favorite dish; and ice cream, my favorite dessert. I have one very bad fault. I am not very thrifty. In fact, I spend money as soon as I receive it. That's about all."

"Oh, but you haven't told me your opinion of school and what sort of girl you like."

"I like school, even though I have to come in early every morning to study Latin. My father has promised me a pair of spikes (baseball shoes) if I make the honor roll."

"I hope you make it," I replied.

"Thanks. Now you want to know the sort of girl I like. Well, I don't particularly like the opposite sex. I like them only as friends. I think a girl should not go out every night—just once in a while. I like one that can take a joke, although she shouldn't be too giggly. I don't like girls that put on cosmetics. There's a certain time and place for that."

"Tell me, Nick, how did you feel the night of the operetta?"

"I wasn't a bit nervous. You see, I was one of the first to be made up, so after I had my face painted, I sat in a quiet corner and ate a lemon while I read a book. Then I played games with some of the boys."

"I have spent the best three years of my life so far at the Q. P. J. H., after high school, I intend to go to Holy Cross. I have not decided what profession to take up yet."

"Well, graduation is drawing near and even though I don't like dancing, I am going to the reception." At this he laughed. The interview was over.

Nick is five feet six inches tall and weighs one hundred forty pounds. He has brown hair and brown eyes. He's the athletic type. Nick is friendly and polite. He doesn't get a "swelled" head from being popular. He is studious. Every one of his chums must be proud to have him for a friend. I know I am.

Nick has held the following offices in the ninth grade at the Q. P. J. H.: vice-president of the school, traffic guide, president of ninth grade class, member of basketball team, manager of the Glee Club, president of Boy Leaders' club, and a member of the ninth grade Executive Committee.

Mary Pugliesi, 9 8.

(Interview with Jeanne Mitchell)

As I entered Jeanne Mitchell's home room I caught a glimpse of curly brown hair and hazel eyes. Jeanne was working very hard on Latin, which is her favorite subject, as I learned later.

I started the interview with Jeanne by asking where and when she was born.

"I was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on March 8, 1921," was Jeanne's immediate reply.

I found that Jeanne has attended three other schools: the John Marshall School, the Emily A. Field School, and the Washington School. She is now a member of the ninth grade at Quincy Point Junior.

"Jeanne," I asked, "have you any special friends?"

"I have three," she replied, "Jean Thompson, Jean Pinel, and Mary Mowbray." She said that she dislikes people who are "conceited" and "stuck up."

"Do you prefer marriage or a career?" I asked.

"Scrub marriage!" was her vehement reply, so you can see that she prefers a career. She plans to be a teacher of English and Latin.

Jeanne has a great many "favorites" which I shall list for you: Favorite actress, Ginger Rogers; actors, Fred Astaire and Nelson Eddy; favorite radio program, Jack Benny and "Believe It or Not"; favorite menu, Italian spaghetti, tuna fish, and butter-scotch pudding; favorite sport, swimming.

Knowing Jeanne to be interested in music, since she played one of the leads in our school operetta, I asked her a few questions about that subject.

"How did you like working on the operetta?"

"I enjoyed preparing for the operetta and would do it again if I had the chance," was her reply.

"Do you prefer popular music or classical?"

"I enjoy classical music more because popular music is all the same, but I have a favorite song of each kind: 'It's a Sin to Tell a Lie' and 'Toreador Song,' from the opera 'Carmen.'"

Jeanne's hobbies are tap and ballroom dancing, and collecting book matches.

The offices she has held this year are Councilor-at-large on the 2nd floor, Secretary of Student Council, Traffic Guide, and Secretary of Glee Club.

Jean Doig, 9-7.

(Interview with John McLean)

I cornered John McLean for an interview one afternoon when he was doing his homework.

"I'll ask the usual type of question," I said. "First, where were you born and when?"

"I was born in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, on September 7, 1920. I went to the Kensington School in Montreal. In Quincy I have attended the Cranch, Webster, and Point Junior High Schools."

"Do you like sports?"

"No, I guess I'm not very athletic. I like to watch games, though, and I like swimming best."

During the interview John was joking with the teacher in the room, and I had difficulty putting queries to him.

"How did you feel the night of the operetta?" I was finally able to ask.

"Well, I was nervous the first night. My knees were shaking so that I'm sure everyone must have noticed them," he laughed. "I can still remember rushing down the corridor between acts, pulling at my tie. When I got to the dressing room I found all the boys shouting at each other and looking for their clothes."

"You like to act, don't you," I said. "Are you going to be an actor?"

"No, I'm not—I don't like to act in too many plays." He smiled engagingly. "I'd like to be a teacher. History and geography are the most interesting subjects to me."

"Do you go to the movies often?"

"Sure. My favorite actor and actress are Eric Linden and Jean Parker. She's swell," he said, sighing deeply.

"My idea of enjoyment is listening to Wayne King's Orchestra playing 'A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody.' That's my favorite song," he added.

At this minute he looked at the clock. "Gosh, three o'clock!" he exclaimed. "I'm

supposed to cast the Class Play before tomorrow. G'by!" And he was gone.

Johnny is five feet, eight inches tall. He has black hair and gray eyes. We all know him because he is in everything—especially anything to do with dramatics. His best friend is Nick Pepe. They are always seen together.

Johnny holds the following offices at Q. P. J. H.: secretary of the ninth grade, home-room president, assistant manager of the Glee Club, president of the Stagecraft Club, and member of the ninth grade Executive Committee.

Jean Doig, 9-7.

POINT ALUMNI AT SENIOR HIGH

Joe McGroarty '33, former class clown deluxe has added to his many achievements the art of acting. Joe, cutting comic capers and speaking hilariously funny lines, kept the audience literally rolling in the aisles at the Senior Class Play, "The Whole Town's Talking." . . . Richard Foley, Richard Fleischer, and Hugh Russel, all of the '34 class, are members of Johnny Murphy's successful "Continental Orchestra" which played at the Alumni Dance this year. . . . Mary Latham, one of the more energetic members of the '33 class, has worked hard to add her name to the Quincy High Hall of Fame. She is an outstanding member of the Debating team. Mary plans to attend Bridgewater Teachers' College after she graduates this June. . . . Stewart Sherrieff '34, Alec Michelson '35, Ralph Graham '35, and Ralph McCollom '35, have just completed an excellent basket ball season for the Quincy Point Congregational Church, winning twelve out of fourteen games. . . . Edward Hackett, president of the '34 class, holds that same office in the Junior class in high school. . . . One of the best-liked members of the '34 class passed away during the current school year. Miss Virginia Fleischer died at her home on April 2, 1936. Although she attended Point but one year, she was a favorite of everyone. In "The Showboat," operetta of her class, she gave an excellent performance in a leading role. Virginia is missed by her former classmates. . . . John Rigby, class clown '34, holds a similar position at the high school. John is now known as "the Ethiopian." . . . Thomas Monaco '34, lanky member of a former Point basket-

ball team, has figured prominently in Quincy High sports. During both years Tom has aided the baseball and basketball squads. . . . Gladys Forsythe '32, is a student at the Bryant and Stratton Business School in Boston. . . . The McGuirk brothers, Donald and Russell '33 and '34, are both members of the high school wrestling squad. This is Russ' second year and he is far better on the mat than his older brother. . . . Alice Evans '34, plans to attend North Carolina State College after she has graduated from high school. . . . Among the many Point graduates who have been honor students since they were admitted to the Quincy Senior High

School are: Janet Easton, Alice Evans, Rosanna Washburn, Gerald Lyons, Henry Holden, and Harry Elstob. . . . Another active sportsman is Joe Banuk '34. For two years he has played football and has done some fine wrestling. . . . Reginald Law, president of the 1932 class, is working for the Quincy Drydock Corporation. . . . Quincy Point Junior High School has contributed greatly to make the senior high school one of the finest in the state. Carry on, ninth graders!

Harry Elstob, '34.

Henry Holden, '34.



LOCAL LAUGHS



OPTICAL TROUBLE

Penmanship Teacher: "Charles, your i's are slanting the wrong way."

BRIGHT PUPIL

Teacher "Give the plural for dog."

Pupil: "Puppies."

ANOTHER ONE

Teacher (to pupil in back of hall): "Can you people hear up there?"

Bright Pupil: "No!"

EXCUSE ME!

Teacher (to pupil just coming from library): "John, where's your slip?"

John: "I beg your pardon; but I don't wear those things."

NO FAIR!

Teacher (giving example of spelling word in class): "The piece of pie was eaten by Bill."

Pupil (to himself): "Lucky Bill!"

GOOD REASON

9-4 Boy: "Put me down for 'Baby' in the 'Pointer'."

Pupil: "Why?"

9-4 Boy: "I still like to play Cowboys and Indians."

NO ONE WOULD MIND

The Science class was discussing current science. A Bright Pupil stood up and said, "That stuff they preserve animals in—formaldehyde, I read that the first drops of rain in a storm are of formaldehyde."

"Well," said the teacher dryly, "if you want to be preserved, stay out in the rain."

JUST A SONG

Teacher (in English class): "What is the plural of solo?"

Pupil: "Duet."

WELL SEASONED

Teacher: "Why did Mary Antin carry a little bag of salt and pepper in her pocket as she went to school?"

Pupil: "To eat when she was hungry."

IT TAKES A SCOTCHMAN

Teacher: "What is the population of Scotland?"

Pupil: "Roll a penny down the hill and you'll soon find out."

POOR BENNIE

Teacher: "Bennie, decline the verb 'to be' in Latin."

Bennie: "I don't understand."

Teacher: "Come, come, the verb 'to be'."

Bennie: "A fui" (pronounced a-phooey).

HE KNEW

Teacher: "Don't you know the king's English?"

Bright Boy: "Sure and so is the Queen."

VOCABULARY BUILDING

Teacher: "Use 'vicious' in a sentence."

Pupil: "Best vicious for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

WELL—THERE ARE TIMES

Pupil: "Teacher, would you punish a boy for something he didn't do?"

Teacher: "Of course not."

Pupil: "Well, I didn't do my homework."

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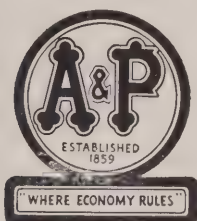
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gratitude to the merchants and
friends who made our magazine
possible by their advertisements.
They deserve our patronage.*

THE POINTER STAFF

Remember our Advertisers who have made this magazine possible

